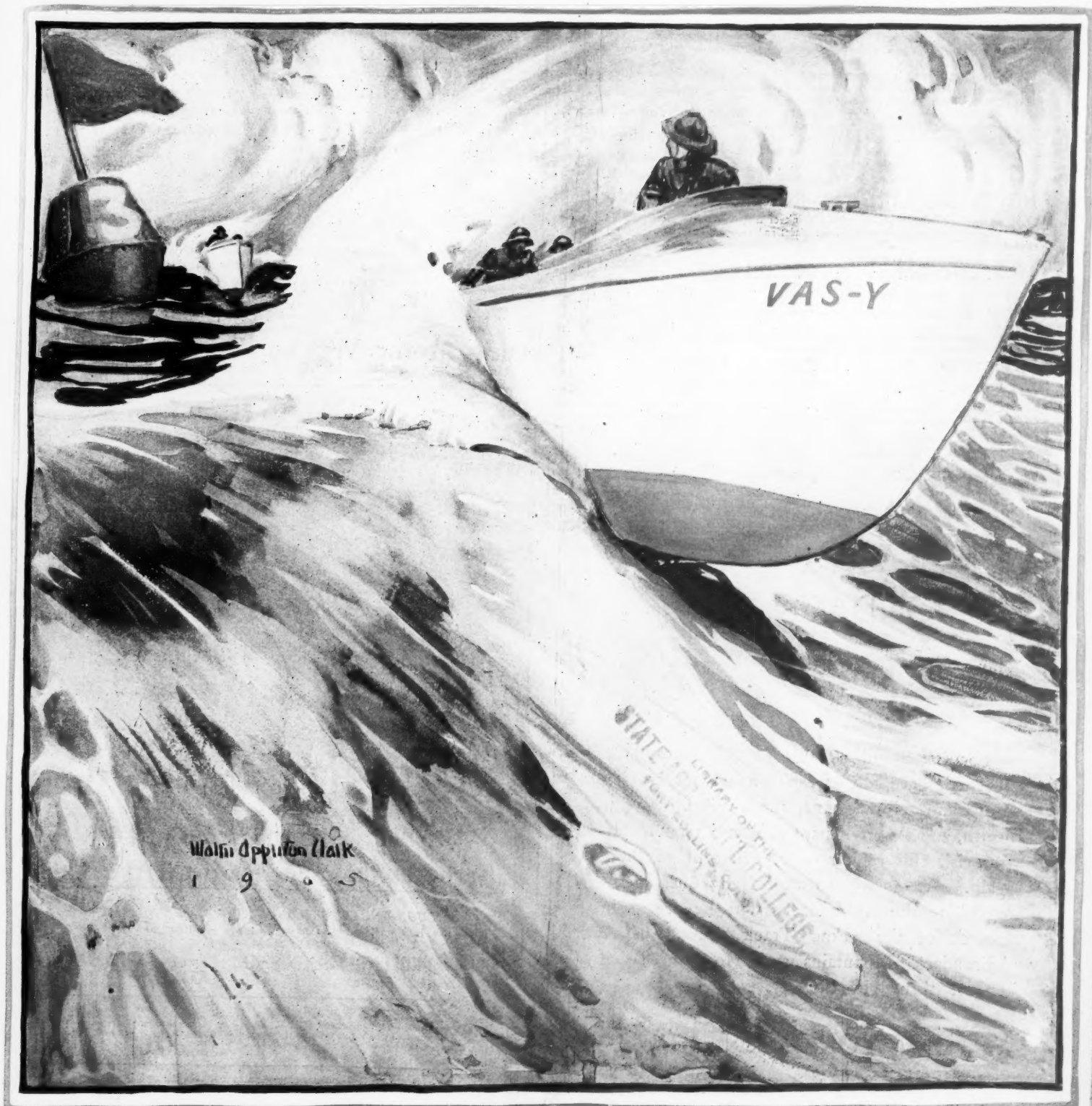


Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL XXXV NO 21

AUGUST 19 1905

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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NEW YORK SATURDAY AUGUST 19 1905

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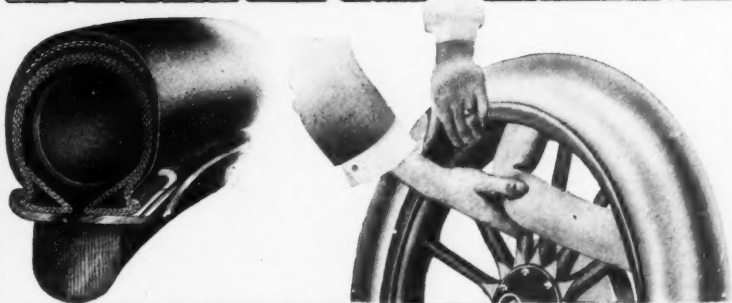
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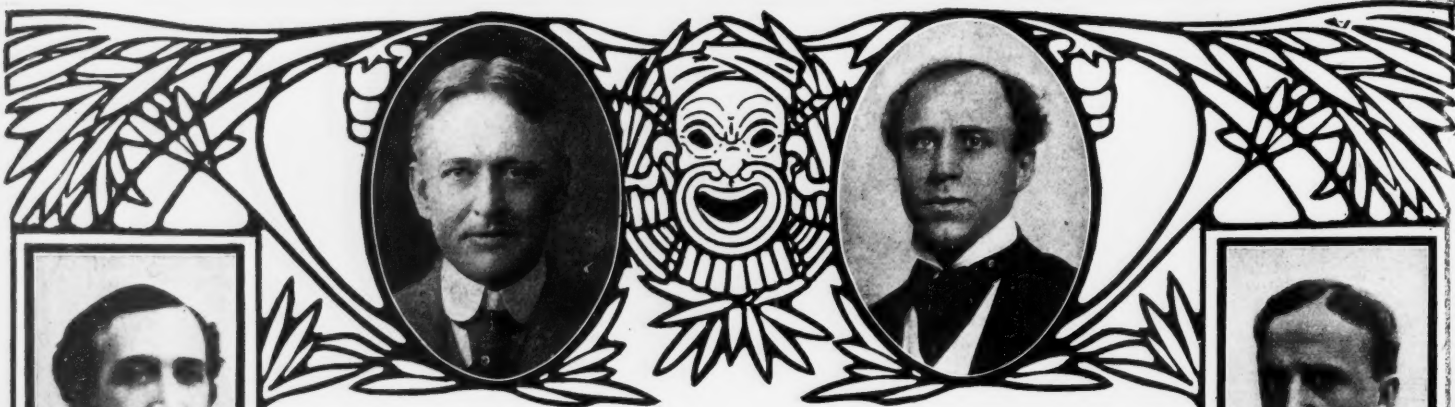
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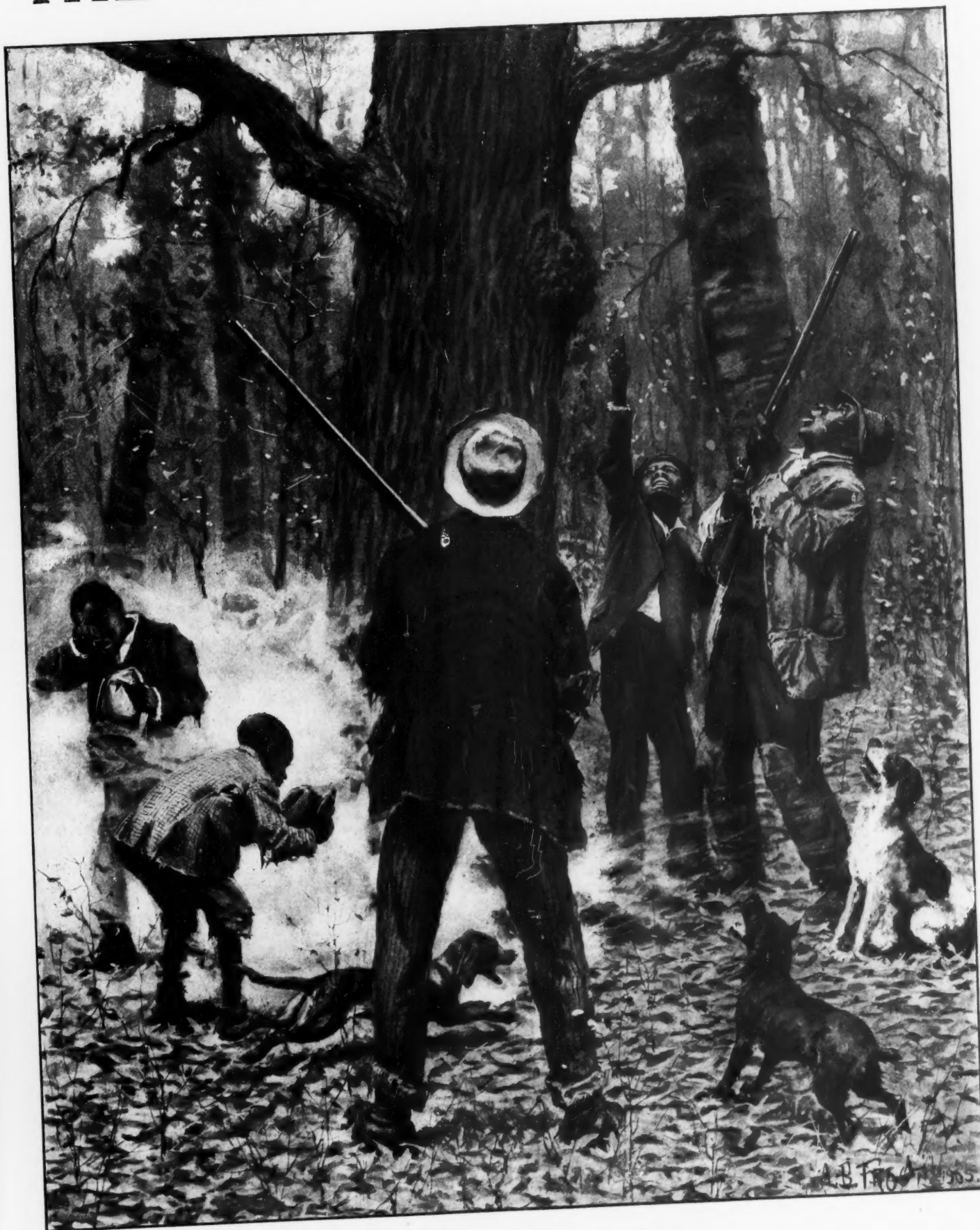


JULIUS STEGER
in "It Happened in
Nordland."
"My friends say: 'The
MURAD Cigarette is
excellent,' and I agree
with them."

Julius Steger

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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"HERE HE COMES!"

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST



RUMORS ARE REVIVED, from time to time, that Mr. ROOSEVELT, after 1909, may be offered the Presidency of Harvard. Such a choice would be a yielding to temporary glamour. No doubt in the stirring that would result a number of dead modes of thought and feeling would be disturbed, and a general shaking up might to some extent be wholesome for the university. But it is Harvard's function in the country to stand not merely for efficiency but for proportion, for balance, and for measure. It would be dispiriting to see her undulating violently among extremes. The purpose of high education is calmness in the use of force. It is humility, self-knowledge, and self-control. It is an atmosphere which, as MONTAIGNE said of wisdom, is like that above the moon, serene and always clear. Now, Mr. ROOSEVELT is one of the most useful men in public life, but it is not for this measured wisdom that he stands. "You have

AFTER 1909

had the longest, the most distinguished, and the most useful term of service that any American has ever had," he wrote to the retiring Minister to Sweden, a good man, whose labors, however, have been possibly no more useful or distinguished than those of FRANKLIN once upon a time in France or of ADAMS when Minister to England. Extravagance in speech, which with the President is habitual, is not disconnected from irregularity in act. There was no compelling reason for him to appoint JOHN McMACKIN, of child labor notoriety, to a consular position. It was merely the latest instance of unwise caprice. In politics the President does so much good that intemperance in expression, indiscriminateness in thought, and some irregularity in choice of men is lost in the amount he accomplishes for good. In a place, however, where it is of the first importance to stand with quiet assurance for fixed and illuminated ideals, it is hard to conceive of Mr. ROOSEVELT as the most felicitous choice to carry on the work that Mr. ELIOT has done.

AN ATTRACTIVE SIDE of the President is exhibited when he writes to cheer a Democratic Governor in his efforts at reform. "Many of the problems," he declares, "with which you and I have to deal are in their essentials much the same," and it is the mark of emancipation in his nature that he should have the impulse to hold out the hand of fellowship to a compatriot wearing a different party label. The letter to Mr. FOLK gains part of its significance from the two essays in "The Strenuous Life"—both on aspects of political compromise—to which the President called the Governor's attention. Mr. ROOSEVELT in theory draws a line with WASHINGTON and LINCOLN on one side and HAMILTON and JACKSON on the other.

ROOSEVELT AND FOLK

Living up to that division, and remembering the emergencies in which LINCOLN and WASHINGTON did their work, no statesman would go astray. A story came out of Missouri the other day that Mr. FOLK had reached an understanding with Senator STONE in reference to 1908. We disbelieve it on its face, but were it true it would illustrate the kind of compromise that would contradict everything for which Mr. FOLK has stood. We imagine, however, that the President's implications, as far as there were any of limited application, bore rather on Governor FOLK's combat with gamblers and liquor dealers. That is a topic on which the considerations are many and conflicting. If Mr. FOLK comes out of the tournament stronger than he went in, he will prove an exception among statesmen who have thus far encountered the particular windmill with which he is now engaged.

THE GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN intends to stay at the helm as long as necessary. The legislation to which he was committed has been passed, but as the courts may throw it out, he will remain away from the United States Senate until the matter is legally decided. Governor LA FOLLETTE has been eagerly

LA FOLLETTE

assailed by the conservative press, because, crushed to a jelly on the Illinois Central, he revealed a wish to hang Mr. S. FISH, the president. Much ado, indeed, about a choice of phrase. Of course, the Governor would not hang the Central's president, but he gave human expression to an emotion in which it is not difficult for any of us to share. Mr. LA FOLLETTE, in his general attitude toward railway abuses, has the American people at his back.

THE MACHINE SYSTEM is frequently described as a necessity.

That the people shall accept as candidates only the selections of a boss is taken as the law of life. The experiment of Mr. JEROME, therefore, in coming before the people on his own nomination, in openly expressed contempt of both New York organizations, bears dramatically on the future. Tammany and the ODELL machine being almost equally corrupt, and the Citizens' Union being as efficient as a perch on land, **SOMETHING NEW IN POLITICS** Mr. JEROME goes over the heads of all of them directly to the voters. If he wins against such odds, the example will be an extending influence for emancipation. It will encourage many a high-minded official with the knowledge that not with political grafters alone lies his salvation, and it will occasionally enable some citizen, who is not in office, but is strongly wanted by his fellow men, to enter the public service without the trademark of some MURPHY or ODELL.

WHEN IMMEDIATE MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP was the issue

before election in Chicago, we were sufficiently scolded for our scepticism over what Mayor DUNNE would accomplish under the rule of Chicago statesmen of the old régime. Since those days of promise and high words, the Mayor's programme has altered, and the visit of Mr. DALRYMPLE has further emphasized the political conditions of the Windy Town. Latest item is that HINKY DINK, able supporter of the municipal idea, has left his post and gone to Europe. Presumably **HON. H. DINK AND OTHERS** JOHNNY POWERS and CHARLEY MARTIN are still on deck. We believe municipal owners' ip will make, and ought to make, some progress in America, but—as Mayor DUNNE has seemed so reluctant to let the Glasgow expert say—it can only succeed after political improvement. It can hardly progress in favor by being promised immediately in order to win an election, under such conditions as the DUNNE faction took advantage of last April in Chicago.

COLONEL MANN NEEDS ENCOURAGEMENT. We fear he may change his plans about securing \$200,000 from us—\$100,000 for damages to his fragrant reputation, and \$100,000 for injury to his paper. Also we seem unlikely actually to be incarcerated for criminal libel. For his convenience we reprint here the principal allegations on which his complaints are based. On November 5 we said:

"The most degraded paper of any prominence in the United States . . . is a weekly of which the function is to distribute news and scandal about society. The mind which guides such a publication tests credulity and forces one to take SWIFT'S Yahoo as unexaggerated truth. There have been several of these creatures in our day. One of them used always to ride in a closed carriage which carried a strong man to protect him from the anticipated horsewhip. The editor now in question leads a somewhat secluded life also, and well he may. With a little caution such a man can escape the criminal law, and, of course, he is worth nothing in a civil suit. A recent issue of his sewer-like sheet contains as its leading feature an attack on a young girl who happens to be the daughter of the President. It uses her first name only. That is a little way it has. It charges her with all the errors that hurt a woman most, and it makes these charges in the most coarse and leering way. That any legal steps could or should be taken to suppress such unclean sheets we do not believe. Paternalism, official regulation, once started goes too far. We can trust only to the people, to business standards and social sanctions. To suppress this weekly would contradict democracy . . . The remedy of arbitrary control is worse than the disease of evil license. We can only say that whoever refuses to read the journal we refer to, or to advertise in its columns, performs a public service. As to personal recognition, we can hardly imagine that many decent men would consent to meet the editor. His standing among the people is somewhat worse than that of an ordinary forger, horse-thief, or second-story man."

COLONEL IN A QUANDARY

On July 29 we said:

"Depravity becomes safe, almost inevitably, and sometimes respectable, when it can accumulate sufficient gold. District Attorney JEROME has finally been able to secure evidence sufficient to arrest one of the agents of "Town Topics" for blackmail. Colonel MANN, however, proprietor of the publication, will hardly land in prison, although he it is who, it is generally understood, forces the socially prominent to pay and be praised, or refuse this blackmail and be maligned. Yet decent women have been known to read that paper and decent business men to advertise in it. It ought to be looked upon as a compliment to be slandered by the paper, for it is a badge of courage to refuse its demands, and praise in its columns means merely that a coward has paid."

With these opinions thus collected for his perusal, and with the assurance that our views of his methods have not changed, Colonel MANN may the better judge whether he agrees with us that a judicial investigation might conduce to the formation of a higher taste and sounder ideas of duty in the class which supports his publication.



JAPANESE IN AMERICA, listening to addresses from officers of Togo's fleet, were informed that to the virtues of the Emperor were due the splendid condition of the ships, the advantage of position which put the sun in the Russian eyes, and the ability to shoot in rough seas or in smooth. It is easy to understand why enlightened Japanese cling so tenaciously to this fiction of the Emperor. Well may they dread the day when solidarity will depart, when patriotism will congeal, when the individual will

VIRTUES OF THE EMPEROR

think what there is in it for himself, believing he is not his country's property, but his own. The Emperor of Japan is the symbol of unity, of self-sacrifice, of the nation as one and undivided in its ambitions and its life. Let no one call such a conception by the name of superstition. It is no more superstitious than ardor for a flag or death for an idea. It is held for the good that it accomplishes, and as soon as it fails to be effective as a rallying point for national devotion it will be dropped by the canny Japanese.

THE ORIGIN AND MEANING of the word yellow, as applied to journalism, have been demanded of us more than once. The meaning is the same as that of its predecessor, sensational. The word yellow came to be substituted through the American love of pungent metaphor. When it comes to deciding what papers fall within the definition and what do not, there will be differences inevitably. Mr. PULITZER's afternoon organ is now publishing a serial purporting to be written by Miss NAN PATTERSON. No more complete expression occurs to us of

WHAT IS YELLOW?

the desire to arrest attention at any sacrifice of decency, and without the slightest worthy purpose to accomplish. A paper all made up of such material is of course the completest instance of the saffron principle, but there are infinite gradations. COLLIER's is sometimes called yellow, because it has the emphasis necessary to a large audience. There is no better paper in America than the "Christian Register," but its appeal is necessarily limited by the culture and the seriousness of interest it requires. Between papers which are entirely quiet, moderate, and refined, and those which live on violence, come as many shades as can be distinguished in the spectrum.

WHAT MEN DEEM HONORABLE is illustrated daily in the news, especially of crime. A man recently shot and killed another. Two children of the slain man's wife, born soon after, died immediately, and the mother was not expected to survive. The exploit was instigated by the shooter's idea that his wife's relation to the victim was one uncomplimentary to him. Very likely he was wrong about his facts, but if he was

HONOR

right we still have the illuminating spectacle of a woman making a certain choice of conduct and her husband thereupon deciding that it becomes his business to murder the third person. If the wife had been attacked, another question altogether would have been created. We now contemplate a free choice on her part, leading her husband to act as if we were living in those good old times when a wife was the husband's chattel, like his house, or spade, or goat.

MANY THINK THE MAJORITY is right because it is the majority, and many think it wrong for the same reason. They get themselves classified accordingly as optimists and pessimists—impressive terms, seeming to imply a difference in habits of thought, when the trouble with both is the habit of not thinking. To some the market giveth and the market taketh away, and truth and success are never parted. To rob a man of faith like that would be to clip the hair of little Goldy-locks. A critic occasionally prints an essay belaboring this same popular taste. If a novel

SIMPLE RULES

draws many readers he calls them a mob, and his contempt for the book is in exact proportion to the numbers interested. He feels like a disciple of Mr.

HENRY JAMES approaching Coney Island. Many are reading the book, so the one automatically approves and the other mechanically turns up his nose, by instinctive arithmetic. The average critic in either class tells how he is feeling by applying the stethoscope to other people's chests. How often a high standard is achieved by affecting a horror of common things without looking at them! Whenever the popular thing comes along a mob starts after it, while a smaller mob, with cotton in its ears, quite as reasonably runs away.

THE RICH AND FASHIONABLE are always an admirable butt for satire, and it is a pleasure to see college presidents, clergymen and editors trying their hands at it, although a trifle painful to note how far short they fall. President WHEELER's remarks, published some weeks ago and still reverberating, for aught we know, on the "isolation from humanity" of "lives pursued by wealth," started up amateur satirists all over the country. They were true, of course, in a general, non-essential way, including all sorts of people they were not meant for and making about as much impression on the mind as, say, "Birds of a feather flock together." Man is a subdividing animal, given over to group-thinking, sending his soul into committee when he can, splitting up according to creed, clothes, profession, book-knowledge, wealth, the street he lives in, and the poet he thinks he understands. Turn his mind out to pasture and the first thing it does is to hunt up the "like-conditioned" and build a fence; and the more hen-minded he is the bigger the fence seems to him. Soon he is judging his fellow-beings by Heaven knows what badges, buttons, doctor's degrees, family trees, bank deposits, Biblical texts or sartorial criteria. Humanity has a way of cutting itself off from humanity. If the sky rained men, they would forthwith settle into puddles—cliques, sets, coteries and inner circles, fashionable, academic, literary, religious, scientific and criminal—with few in each of a sufficiently human sympathy to penetrate their little walls of mud. And of all classes that to which President WHEELER himself belongs seems to suffer the most from mental inter-breeding. Hence the surprising number of eyeless fishes you find in these academic caves—men prehensile of facts they are impotent to deal with, minds like deserted spider-webs dangling with dead flies. And they have their class hauteur, which is really the apathy of their limitations. Why single out a particular set for a quality so universal? Every circle abounds in people who think God made its silly circumference and who retain hardly a zoological curiosity as to the sort who live outside.

CLASSES

STRENGTH AND HUMOR are linked by a correspondent as the needed attributes of fictive man. Hamlet has one without the other, and therefore will not do. Benedick, Henry V, and Faulconbridge she would consider. Her taste is catholic, and also keen. She has loved OUIDA's Bertie, in "Under Two Flags"; WISTER's "Virginian," Peter Sterling, Monsieur Beaucaire; DICKENS's Eugene Wrayburn; KINGSLEY's Jew, in "Hypatia," Raphael Ben-Ezra; and that fascinating Athos whose glamour is felt most often by his own sex. "Mark Tapley, I suppose, is not in our set, but he must have been an enjoyable lover. I always grudged him to that fat landlady." All of ANTHONY HOPE's men are irresistible, from the hackneyed and travestied Zenda hero down to Tristram of Blent, and to RICHARD HARDING DAVIS she gives an equal eminence in selecting men destructive of the female heart. A woman who is able to enjoy a personal love for so many heroes, from Faulconbridge to Van Bibber, ought to find the reading of fiction a consoling occupation.

A CHICAGO WOMAN'S HEART

THACKERAY'S VIEW OF NOVELS was expressed to TROLLOPE in a letter thus: "I often say I am like a pastry-cook, and don't care for tarts, but prefer bread-and-cheese; but the public love the tarts (luckily for us), and we must bake and sell them." To THACKERAY's distinguished correspondent the baking of fiction was a much more serious affair, and TROLLOPE has discussed the art, and his favorite examples, with elaborate and charming fondness. "Pride and Prejudice" was the greatest novel of them all, although shaken on its pedestal by "Ivanhoe," until "Henry Esmond" came along and took the highest place, never to be dislodged.

TWO MASTERS ON FICTION

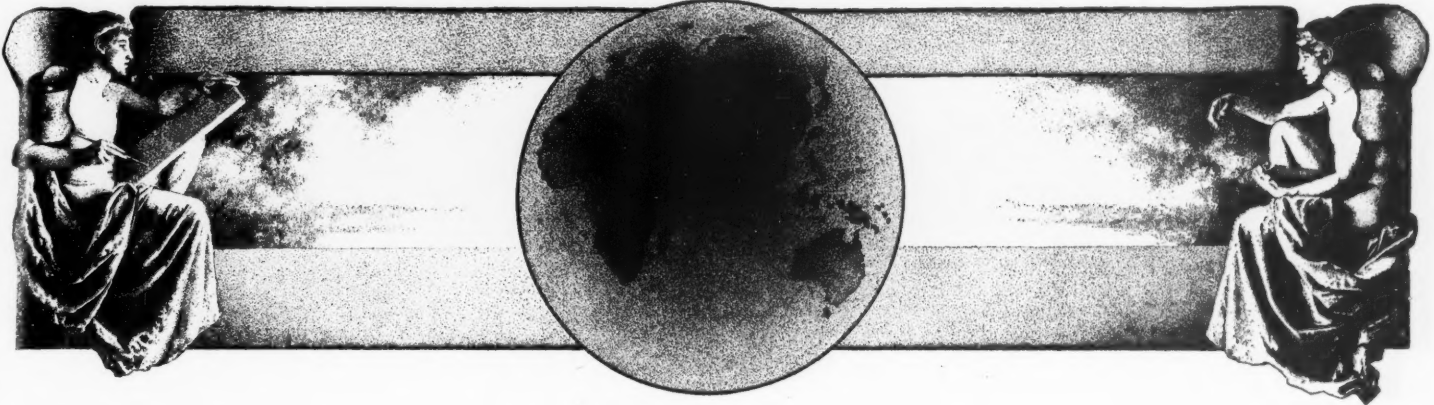
DICKENS lies beyond TROLLOPE's sympathies, as do others whose method is exaggeration, and he also cares little for writers in whom plot does all the work. "A novel should give a picture of common life enlivened by humor and sweetened by pathos." One of the most valuable of TROLLOPE's points, and one on which he is insistent, is the unfitness to the novel of unrelated effects. "There should be no episodes in a novel." Many of the most popular novels of to-day are conglomerations of episodes and nothing else.



GOLF: SOME IMPRESSIONS

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



STRIVING FOR PEACE

ON FEBRUARY 6, 1904, Baron de Rosen, the Russian Minister at Tokio, received his passports from Baron Komura, the Japanese Foreign Minister. On August 5, 1905, the same Baron de Rosen, as one of the Czar's peace envoys, clasped the hands of the same Komura in the first friendly meeting between Russian and Japanese diplomats that had been known in the intervening eighteen months. The outcome of the conference was regarded with misgivings, but the fact that it could be held at all was a triumph for President Roosevelt's diplomacy. M. de Witte, the head of the Russian peace mission, landed at New York on August 2, preceded by an alleged interview which represented him as saying that he expected his mission to be a failure because the Japanese terms would be so intolerable that the conference would break up within a week. Naturally the repudiation of this story was his first care on coming ashore. On the 4th M. de Witte and Baron de Rosen were received by the President at Oyster Bay, and the next day the Japanese and Russian delegations were brought together at an informal luncheon on the *Mayflower*, at which the only toast was proposed by Mr. Roosevelt in the words:

"I drink to the welfare and prosperity of the sovereigns and the peoples of the two great nations whose representatives have met one another in this ship. It is my most earnest hope and prayer, in the interest not only of those two great powers, but of all civilized mankind, that a just and lasting peace may speedily be concluded between them."

As soon as the simple ceremonies of the meeting were over the envoys proceeded to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where the peace conferences were to be held.

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THE ARRIVAL of the Russian negotiators was preceded by discouraging reports from Europe. The clergy of Orenburg telegraphed to the Czar begging him not to conclude a shameful peace and received the reply: "The Russians may rely upon me. I shall never conclude a peace shameful or unworthy of the greatness of Russia." This was followed on August 1 by the publication in the "Official Messenger" of another imperial telegram in which the Czar heartily approved the policy of continuing the war until the enemy was crushed, and added that above all he would not think of the cession of territory or the payment of an indemnity. The Russian press was generally pessimistic or indifferent and the Japanese press was not hopeful. The Japanese diplomatic position was greatly strengthened during the week by the completion of the conquest of the great island of Sakhalin, the first substantial piece of actual Russian territory to become

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PROBING THE EQUITABLE

ON THE LAST day of July, Attorney-General Mayer brought suit on behalf of the people of New York against the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and all the surviving individuals, forty-nine in number, who have served as directors

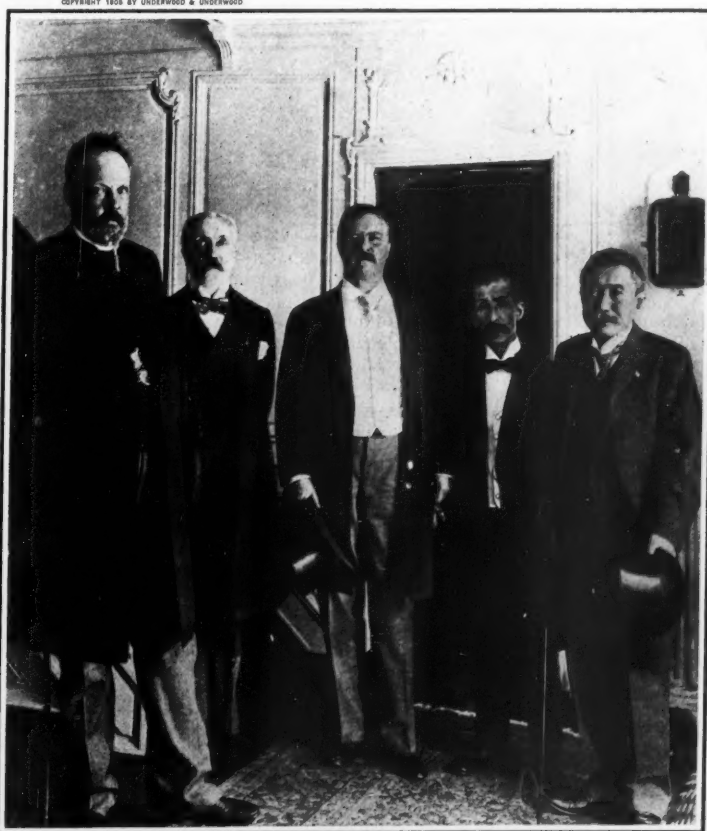
during the time covered by the recent investigations. He asked for an accounting of all the property of the society which any of the defendants might have "acquired to themselves, or transferred to others, or lost, or wasted by a violation of their duties," called for the summary removal of officers and directors guilty of misconduct, and requested an order that the net surplus of \$10,000,000 be apportioned to the policy-holders in accordance with the charter. The property of the defendants, which might be levied upon to satisfy judgments, was estimated to exceed \$750,000,000. The day after this suit was filed, the legislative investigating committee held its first meeting. The fifty defendants named in the Mayer suits cut such a swath through the bar of New York in providing for their defence that the committee had considerable difficulty in finding counsel. Curious tales came out during the week concerning the mysterious loan of \$685,000, carried so long on the books of the Mercantile Trust Company in the names of James W. Alexander and Thomas D. Jordan as trustees. It appeared that this account dated back to a time some years before the death of the elder Hyde. The money seems to have been used for a variety of purposes not contemplated by the insurance laws, including the settlement of threatened litigation, the purchase of floating stock which might have endangered Hyde's control of the company, and the payment of contributions to political campaign funds.

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THE DANGER of war between Sweden and Norway has apparently disappeared with the adjournment of the Swedish Riksdag, and the accession to power in Sweden of a Ministry favorable to conciliation. The new Swedish Government has been welcomed by the Norwegians, and the Kaiser has ceased to oppose a Danish Prince as King of Norway.

AGRICULTURAL GRAFT

SECRETARY WILSON continues cheerful under the revelations of the graft that seems to permeate his entire department. He says that the Department of Agriculture is as "sound as a nut"—age of nut not specified. He admits that there have been a few little irregularities, some of them intentional and some due to ignorance. The cotton reports have been juggled, the tobacco reports have been botched; there is complaint about the grain reports; the Weather Bureau is accused of extravagance; there is a scandal about meat inspection labels; the nitro cultures which were advertised as a great public benefaction have been exploited for private profit, and officials in control of interesting news stories have used their posi-



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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE PLENIPOTENTIARIES OF RUSSIA AND JAPAN



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DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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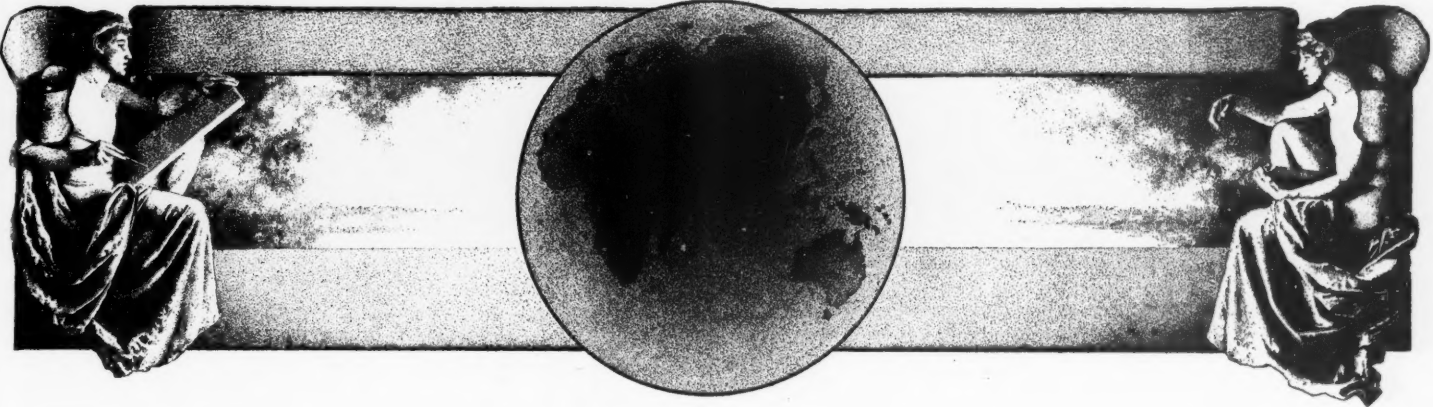
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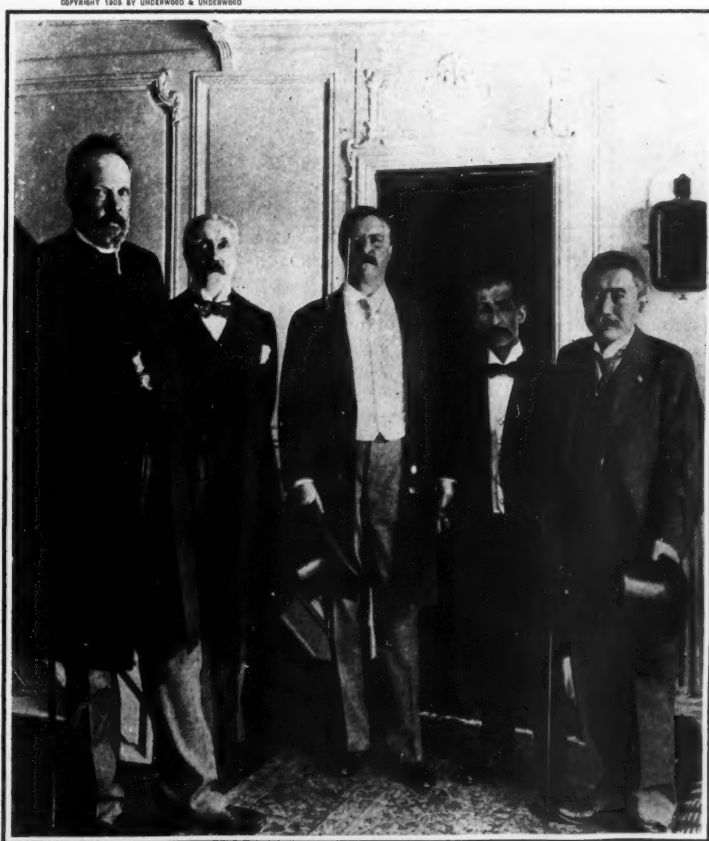
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tions to make money for themselves, but the department as a whole is sound, just as the Post Office Department was under Payne. Mr. Wilson announced on July 31 that he had decided to reorganize the Bureau of Statistics so that it would no longer be in the hands of one man. Hereafter four experts, two of them from the South, will prepare the cotton reports independently, and their figures will be checked by the Assistant Secretary. President Jordan and Secretary Cheatham of the Southern Cotton Association were not satisfied with Secretary Wilson's attitude, and issued a statement on August 1 asserting that efforts were being made to divert attention from the deficiencies of the system to "the thieving propensities of a few unworthy officers." They demanded the creation of a strictly scientific Cotton Bureau under the control of a man of irreproachable reputation, and suggested that Mr. Wilson's resignation was a necessary preliminary to reform. The President held a long interview with Secretary Wilson at Sagamore Hill on July 31, and with

to 24,364,138 tons on the American side alone, and the traffic for the early months of 1905 has greatly exceeded that for the same months of 1904. Yet all the business at the "Soo" must be done in seven months, while the Suez Canal can work all the year round.

THE YELLOW FEVER PANIC

NOTWITHSTANDING the dictum of science that yellow fever is transmitted only by mosquitoes, the moderate outbreak at New Orleans has thrown the neighboring communities into the same unreasoning panic that used to prevail when the nature of the scourge was an unfathomed mystery. Shotgun quarantines against New Orleans have been established in every parish of Louisiana. Some towns have sealed themselves up and refuse to have any dealings with the outside world beyond the admission of food enough to keep them from starvation. The United States mails have been stopped. One place in Texas went to the

sels if they came within his jurisdiction. Meanwhile the health authorities of New Orleans were taking vigorous measures to clean out the breeding places of the epidemic, ordering every one of the 45,000 cisterns in the city to be oiled and screened. Finally, on August 4, the commercial bodies and the official authorities of the city and State united in asking the Federal Government to take charge of the whole yellow fever situation at New Orleans, and the President promptly acceded to their request. At the same time the Louisiana Militia and Naval Reserves took vigorous action against the Mississippi invaders, capturing or driving away the entire blockading force.

THE MOTORISTS' REVENGE

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT between the scorching automobilist and the public has taken a new form in Grand Rapids. By law and local ordinance the five hundred motorists of that town are limited to a speed of eight miles an hour in the



THE TAFT INVESTIGATING PARTY, ON ITS WAY TO THE PHILIPPINES, GROUPED ON THE DECK OF THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMER "MANCHURIA"

Attorney-General Moody on August 1, after which the wheels of justice were immediately speeded up. Chief Statistician Hyde, whose sudden departure for Europe had hampered the Washington Grand Jury in its investigation of the cotton scandal, cabled on August 2, from Southport, England, that he was about to return as soon as possible.

THE WORLD'S BUSIEST CANALS

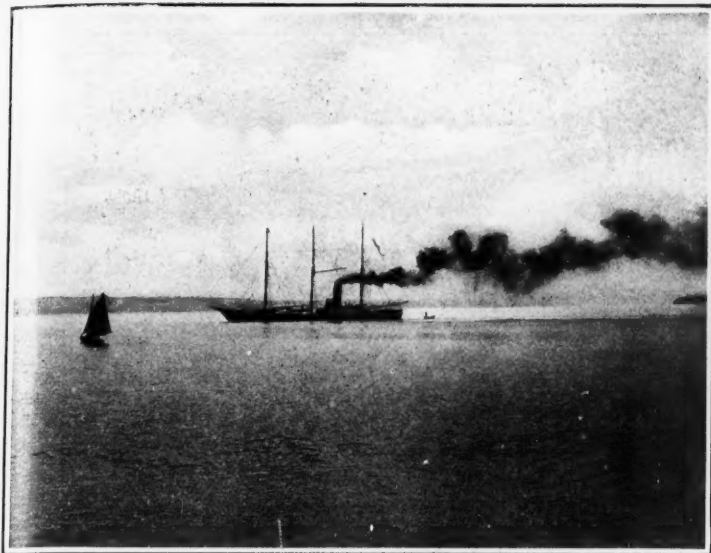
THE UNITED STATES and Canada joined hands on August 2 and succeeding days in celebrating the semi-centennial of the opening of the St. Mary's Canal, which takes the commerce of Lake Superior around the rapids of the Sault Ste. Marie. Vice-President Fairbanks and a number of Canadian and American orators delivered addresses full of enthusiasm and international good-will. There are canals on both sides of the river now, and the commerce passing through them is incomparably the greatest in the world. In 1903 the Suez Canal passed 16,615,309 tons of shipping. In the same year the American canal at Sault Ste. Marie carried 22,998,864, and the Canadian canal 4,737,580 tons. In 1904 these figures were increased

questionable extreme of burning a house in which a case of yellow fever had occurred, along with the body of the patient. The opinion was expressed that the person cremated was already dead. Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Alabama proclaimed quarantines against the whole of Louisiana. But the hero of the campaign was the illustrious Governor Vardaman of Mississippi. Not satisfied with holding up all railroad trains at the border, excluding local passengers, and imprisoning through passengers in closed cars with the penalty of jail for opening a window within the State, he mobilized his land and naval forces and established a blockade of Louisiana's exits to the Gulf by way of Lake Pontchartrain and Lake Borgne. His armed launches invaded Louisiana waters, seized vessels, and towed them to the Marine Hospital quarantine station at Ship Island. A warm exchange of despatches between the Governors of Louisiana and of Mississippi followed, and Governor Blanchard of Louisiana called out the fleet and army of that State to repel the invaders. Incidentally he protested against the aid given to the Vardaman forces by two United States revenue cutters, and threatened to seize those ves-

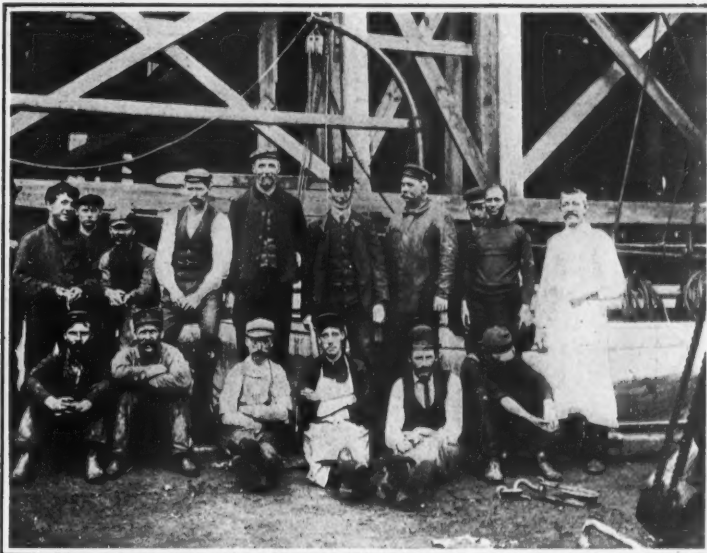
streets, and the rules have been rigidly enforced. Among the hundreds arrested for exceeding the speed limit were a member of the State Legislature that passed the restrictive law, and a member of the City Council that passed the ordinance. Finally, the auto owners held a secret meeting and resolved that if the police would not stretch the speed laws in their favor, they would not allow any other laws to be stretched in favor of anybody else. They employed spotters, arrested the mayor and a number of leading citizens for selling liquor on Sunday, timed the street cars with a view to prosecuting the company, and threatened to hobble the town with a blue-law halter. At last accounts their popularity had not noticeably increased.

JEROME APPEALS TO THE PEOPLE

DISTRICT ATTORNEY JEROME, of New York, announced on July 31 that he would be an independent candidate for re-election if 2,000 voters would nominate him by petition. He issued a formal statement in which he said that he did not wish his nomination to come from any political machine. "It seems to me," he continued, "that



Peary's new auxiliary steamer, the "Roosevelt," leaving the harbor of North Sydney, Nova Scotia



The crew of the "Roosevelt," ready to take Peary to his base on the coast of Grant Land

THE LATEST PEARY EXPEDITION ON ITS WAY TO NAIL THE STARS AND STRIPES TO THE NORTH POLE

one of the greatest evils of the present time is that small groups of men have, and not infrequently a single man has, obtained control of the executive machinery of party organizations and nominating conventions and stand between the public servant and the voters."

"The result is that one in public office has to choose between a termination of his public career or subservience to such a man, or group of men. The public officer, as a consequence, frequently feels no responsibility to the people, but only to those who can secure for him a return to office or future promotion. . . . A man who works with such a group and receives favors at their hands comes under implicit obligations which can not honorably be disregarded. He can not take office by their favor and still be free to deal with them and their demands as obedience to his oath of office requires."

Mr. Jerome's action has caused some disappointment among reformers, who had hoped to see him an anti-Tammany candidate for Mayor. But regret on this account is overbalanced by appreciation of the value a dramatic independent campaign for the District Attorneyship may have in encouraging the spirit of revolt against machine rule everywhere. Mr. Jerome's appeal from the party organizations to the people is conceived precisely in the vein of La Follette and of Folk. It is one of many indications that Americans have become dissatisfied with the empty name of democracy, and are making up their minds to have the real thing, even if they have to take a little personal trouble to get it.

A BRITISH EXPERIENCE

THE ANNUAL REPORT of the municipal tramway system of Manchester, transmitted by Consul Hamm of Hull, shows that for the year ending March 31, 1905, the city cleared a net profit of \$604,750 on the 146 miles of track in operation. The great bulk of the business—77.34 per cent of the whole—was done at a two-cent fare or less. The city has been able to run its lines with profit at these rates while reducing the working hours of its employees from seventy to fifty-four per week. At the same time it gives each of its workers free uniforms and a week's annual vacation with pay.

THRIFT IN NEW YORK

THE FACT THAT Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie do not own all the money in New York is illustrated by the returns which show that the savings bank deposits in the State have increased by \$85,836,855 in the past year—the

greatest increase on record—and now reach the enormous total of \$1,252,928,299, an average of over \$156 for every man, woman and child in the State, or \$780 for every family. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with five times the population of the State of New York, had \$730,000,000 on deposit in its postal savings banks in 1903, and about \$300,000,000 more in private savings banks. The savings deposits in New York amount to twice the value of Standard Oil, and if the same thrift prevailed generally the American people would have savings enough to buy all the railroads of the Union.

OVER A MILLION ALIENS

THE IMMIGRATION RETURNS for the fiscal year 1905 show, as it has been evident for some time that they would, that all records in our history, or in that of any other modern nation,

alone the Austro-Hungarian invasion amounts to five army corps. The total immigration for the year exceeds the population of any one of eighteen States, and all the inhabitants of the six States of Nevada, Idaho, Wyoming, Delaware, Montana, and Utah combined.

DISCORDANT ZIONISTS

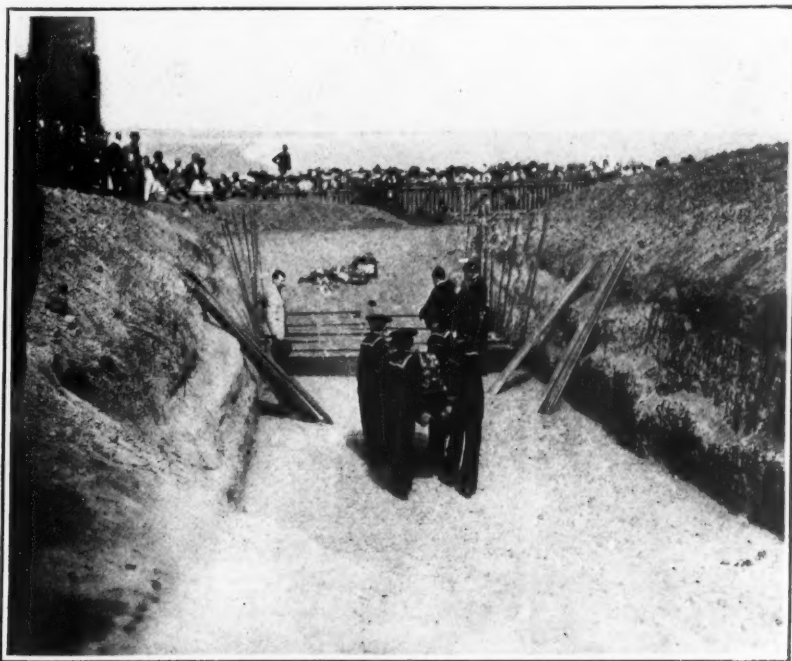
THE ZIONIST CONGRESS, whose sessions began at Basel on June 27, with representatives of twenty-two countries in attendance, soon developed irreconcilable differences of opinion. The report of the organizing committee, showing constant progress in the Zionist movement, was received with enthusiasm, but discord was precipitated by the findings of the committee that had visited Africa to inspect the tract of land on the Uganda Railway offered by Great Britain for a Jewish colony. The investigators found the African

Zion fenced off from the world by a dense forest, infested with savages and ferocious beasts. They recommended that the British offer be declined with thanks. Mr. Israel Zangwill urged the acceptance of the offer, but suggested that Great Britain might be asked for a better district. The debate on these propositions, which lasted from Saturday evening until Sunday morning, was so heated and disorderly that the police forbade further all-night sessions of the Congress. Finally the resolution declining the British proposition was adopted by a large majority. The territorial minority, about thirty strong, including the Socialists and Mr. Zangwill, seceded and held separate meetings, denouncing the managers of the Congress for alleged frauds in the election of its members. The main body decided to continue its work in Palestine and adopted a resolution condemning unorganized and unsystematic philanthropic colonization. The advocates of the African scheme maintain that there is no chance

of gaining possession of the Holy Land, and that the only hope of establishing anything like a Jewish nation is to begin somewhere else.

A ONE-SIDED BOYCOTT

THE REPORTS of our Consul at Amoy show that the Chinese idea of a boycott does not extend to a refusal to sell goods to the persons boycotted. While refusing to buy from us, the Chinese are counting on us as among the chief supports of their market for tea and silk. We have not yet made the non-intercourse rule apply both ways.



LAST HONORS TO THE DEAD OF THE "BENNINGTON"

have been broken. The total immigration for the year was 1,027,421—probably the greatest number of aliens that ever entered a country in a single year since the hordes of Attila crossed the Danube. Austria-Hungary has taken the first rank among our sources of supply, sending us 275,693 persons, and pushing Italy, with her 221,479 immigrants, down to second place. The Russian Empire has furnished 184,897 immigrants, and the United Kingdom 137,057. We have had more arrivals from Austria-Hungary in this single year than the entire population of any city in that empire except Vienna and Budapest. In males



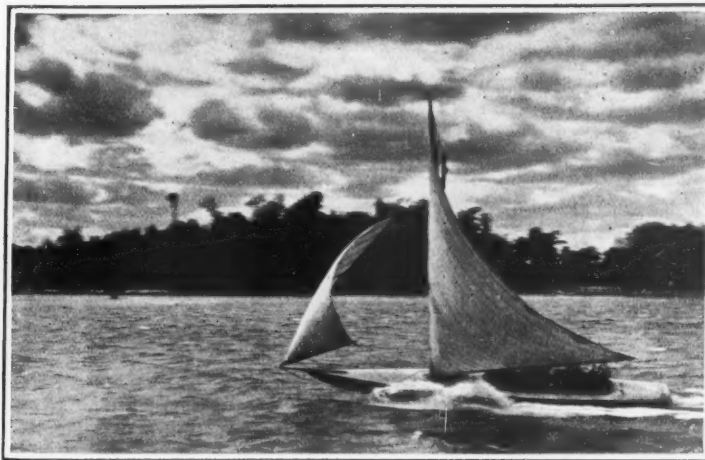
COPYRIGHT 1905 BY F. F. COLLIER & SON

THE CRITICAL MOMENT

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY



THE INLAND-LAKE TYPE IN TYPICAL RACING WEATHER



THE "ONAWA" RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND

YACHT RACING ON THE INLAND LAKES

By WARD C. BURTON

A Fresh-water Sport which has Developed a New Sort of Sailor and a New Type of Skimming-dish Craft, faster, actually, than the Great Racing Machines that have Defended the America's Cup

ONCE, several years ago, a well-known yachtsman, standing on the deck of his boat, was heard to exclaim: "Look at her come! Good Lord, look at her come!"—and a few moments later, as the rival craft swept through his lee, this Manchester yachtsman learned a great deal about inland boats. The following year this same yachtsman was instrumental in lifting the Quincy Cup, and introduced into Eastern waters the Western "scow," or "moving side-walk." A few weeks ago the famous Seawanhaka Cup was won back from the Canadians at Montreal, by a group of yachtsmen from the Manchester Yacht Club, of which this gentleman was a leading member. Along the Atlantic Coast there are several such yachtsmen—men who understand what the West has done for yachting—but these men are the exception, and as a rule the visiting inland yachtsman is questioned concerning cabin room, bunks, cook's galley, and a great many other problems that have never entered his head—that is, if he be questioned at all.

What the Western yachtsman knows is that he has built an ugly, low, square-ended, flat-bottomed raft of a boat, about 40 feet over all, which, with the aid of 500 square feet of sail area, has officially recorded a higher rate of speed than any of the huge defenders that ever sailed in a race for the America's Cup. He is dimly conscious of the fact that in the evolution of this freak he has given to naval architecture something that this undeveloped science needed greatly, and he is altogether conscious of the fact that his little square-cornered creation, with her trickiness and quickness, has molded him into one of the most skillful sailors in the world. He admires the skill of Captain Barr, but what fills his heart with pride, and his whole being with wonder, is that his 14-year-old boy can race his boat, full-sailed, in a gale of wind which ordinarily demands triple reefs. This is his idea of yachting, and he gives prizes, and spends his small fortune toward the realization of this idea of the sport.

To-day there are some thirty clubs throughout Minnesota and Wisconsin, and over two thousand yachtsmen. Their ideas of designing and construction are practically the same, and represent the genius of a few experts who commenced racing some dozen years ago. Their ideas about sails (including weight, material, and general plan), about tuning up, and about the handling of these racing machines are practically the same; and yet so great is the difference in individual effort that it is not uncommon to have the first and the last boats separated by ten minutes at the finish of a 12-knot race. Each season the racing is much the same, and properly begins with the post season races of the year before, held on Lake Winnebago, when designers and builders, amateurs and professionals, swarm about the successful boat, and, forming mental pictures, rush back to their draughting boards or their workshops, with the determined intention of first duplicating and then improving upon this borrowed design. But after all the difference between helmsmen is far greater than that between designers or builders.

Sometimes the man whose love of the sport and skill at the helm sends him into this inland lake yacht racing can not afford the builder's fee. So he builds his own boat. His workshop may be a basement or a woodshed, into which, after his day's work, this Spartan crawls and, intent upon his labor of love, toils on into the small hours. Night after night he whittles away at three carefully glued combinations of boards. He gradually becomes superstitious about one of these combinations (they are all practically alike), and adopts it as his god. Then he attempts to follow the mandates of this supreme being—to place the molds, the ribbons, steam the ribs, shape the planking and spars, and sometimes even make the sails—all tasks for skilled workmen. At times he is aided by a carpenter, but more often assisted by some friend, possibly a quarter owner, who in the far distant short summer will perch along the forward deck, and, soaked to the skin, his

Saturday in June. Before this date, there are friendly "scraps" during the squally afternoons of late May; there are drifting matches during the lingering twilight, and during the long, moonlight nights numerous pairs of racers struggle side by side, mile after mile, for the advantage of a few yards. But all this is careless, friendly sport compared to the first championship race of the second Saturday in June. Thenceforth every performance of every yacht is scrutinized, discussed and recorded. Later, and as a result of these records, certain owners receive notices requesting that they have their boats in readiness to sail in the trial races; then begins the heart-breaking process of elimination, by which one boat from many is selected to represent her club at Oshkosh in the championship series of the Inland Yacht Racing Association, the largest association in the world devoted to racing small boats.

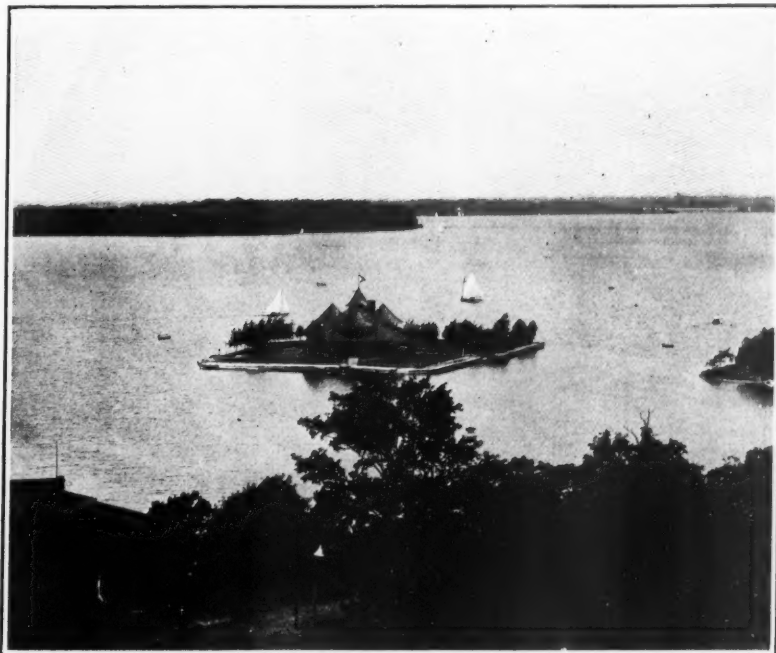
During the last seven years of its existence, this Association has done much for Western yachting by adopting proper construction rules. It has provided staunch, comfortable boats, suitable for cruising as well as racing; it has eliminated the professionalism that at one time threatened its destruction, and substituted amateur skippers and amateur crews, and it has encouraged amateur designers and builders. The championship series of this Association is invariably held during the middle of August, when long flat cars, each bearing its challenger, are side-tracked at Oshkosh.

On the days of the races, excursion steamers crowd about the starting line and, at the report of the gun, careening to one side, wheeze and puff in pursuit of the fastest sailboats in this country, while thousands of eyes are fixed on the maneuvering and jockeying among the racers as they struggle toward the first buoy.

Of course, the best boat does not always win. It could not be otherwise when thirty-five boats are crowded over a twelve-mile course; but the sport is there; and these yachtsmen are entirely satisfied with the percentage system of counting, so that whether it be victory or defeat, every man in every crew leaves Oshkosh determined to return the following year.

You will see them cross the line sometimes—the little Class B boats—under triple-reefed main-sail and storm jib, within ten seconds of the starting signal, and during the first half mile of the close reach make a splendid race of it. Then the full force of the gale sweeping around a peninsula will burst upon them, and within 30 seconds all five may have turned turtle, leaving twenty-five bare-legged youngsters dancing gleefully upon their upturned hulls. A launch rescues three crews, and some big Class A boat, over a mile up the lake, comes about, and, covering the intervening distance in a scant five minutes, picks up the remainder.

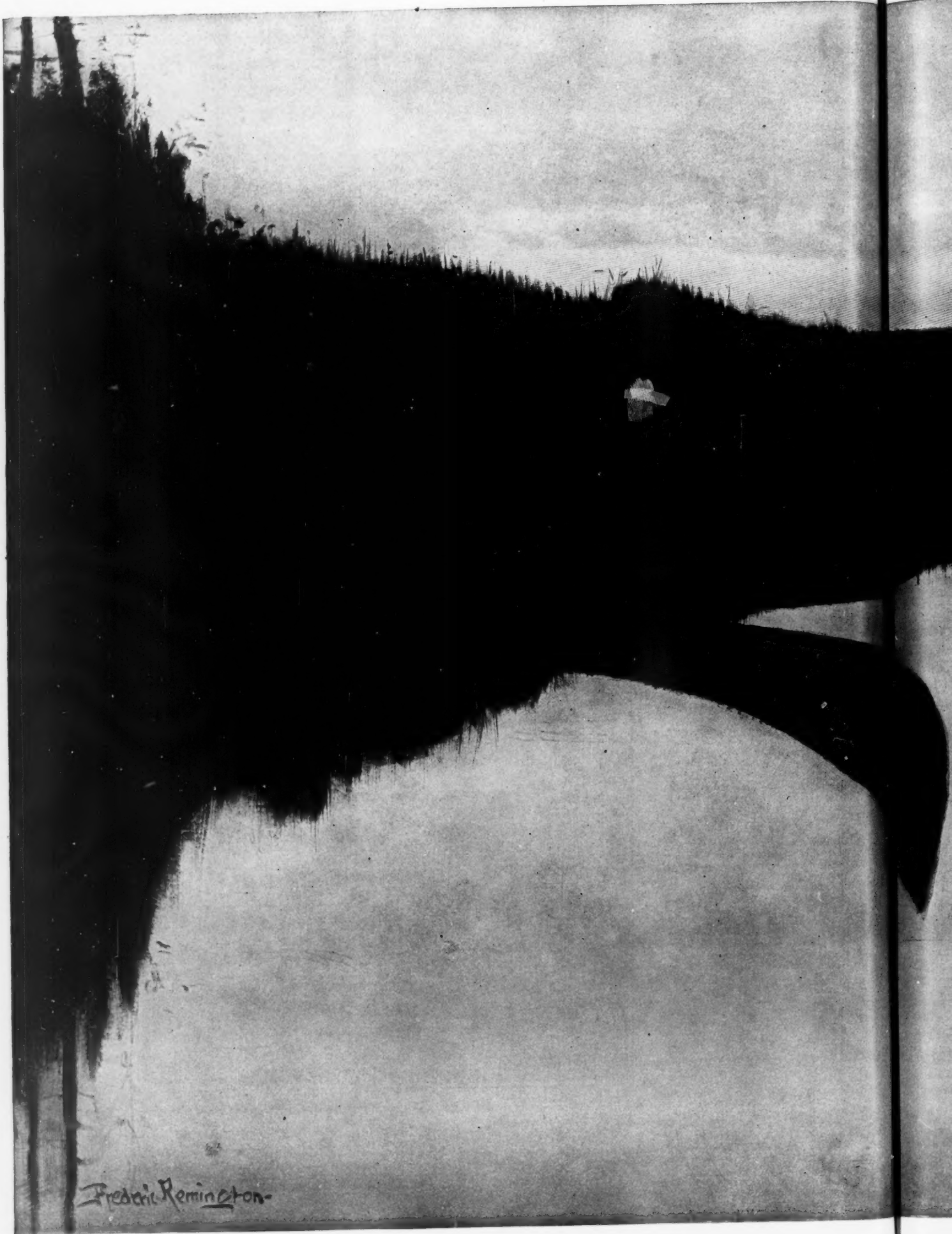
It is typical of inland yachting—not so much the cap-sizing, although that is by no means uncommon—but the fact that the regatta committees send these school-boy yachtsmen into weather much more severe than that which causes yacht clubs in the East to postpone their most important races. (Continued on page 26.)



LAKE MINNETONKA, NEAR MINNEAPOLIS, THE SCENE OF MANY RACES

hands cut by the jib sheets, and his knees raw from lying out, will do his best to obey the orders of the man at the helm—the man who owns the three-quarter interest. These two enthusiasts enslave themselves during the long winter's nights, with their ever-increasing difficulties, always borne on by the tradition of those two boys, one fifteen and the other nineteen, who designed and built a boat that was never defeated, and of the Norwegian who starved himself almost to insanity that he might finally defeat in the interlake championship the crack yacht, designed by the famous old wizard of Rhode Island, which had been sent out West to capture the race.

It is the custom of almost every yacht club in the West to hold its first championship race on the second

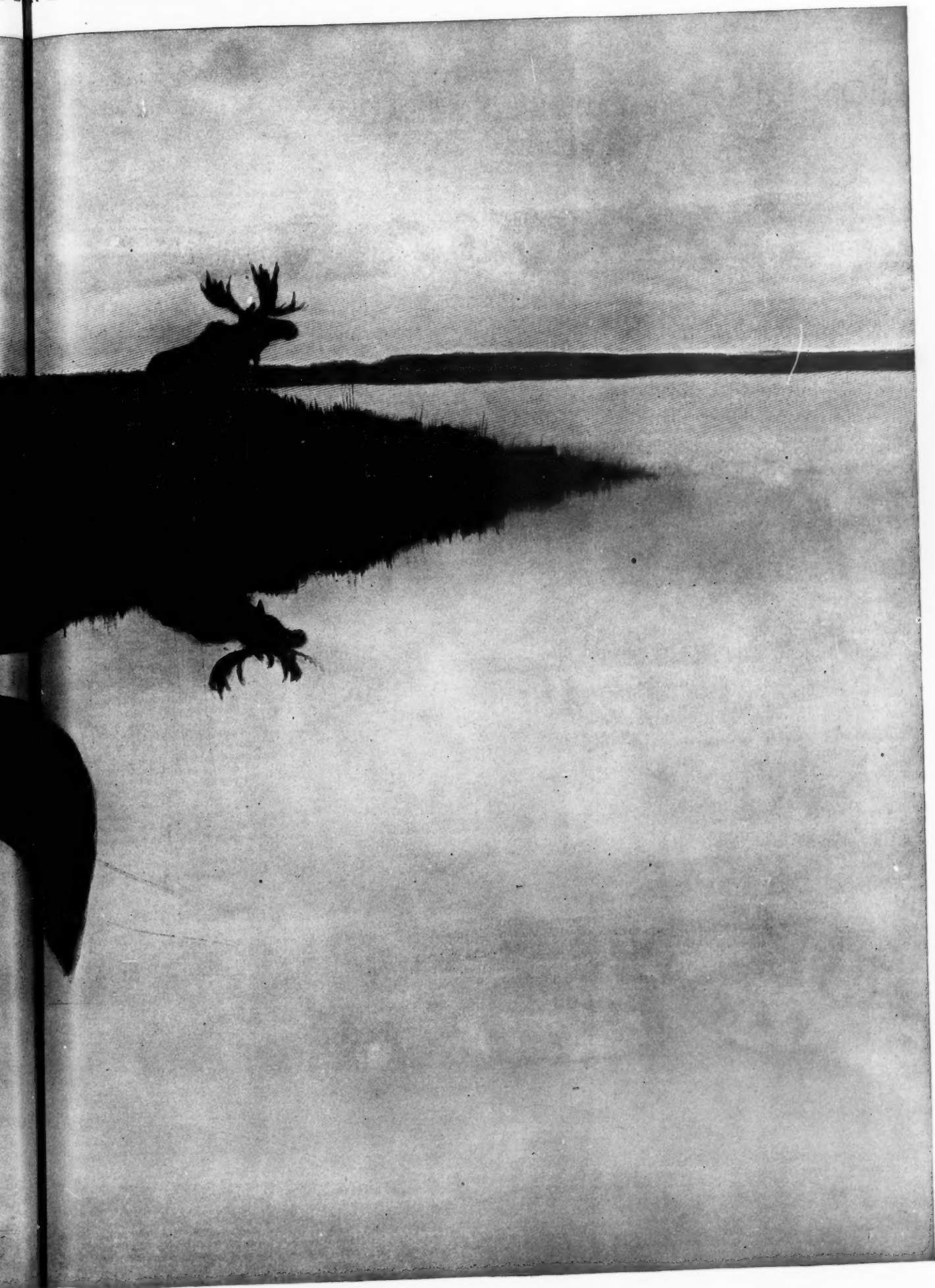


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COMING TO THE POINT

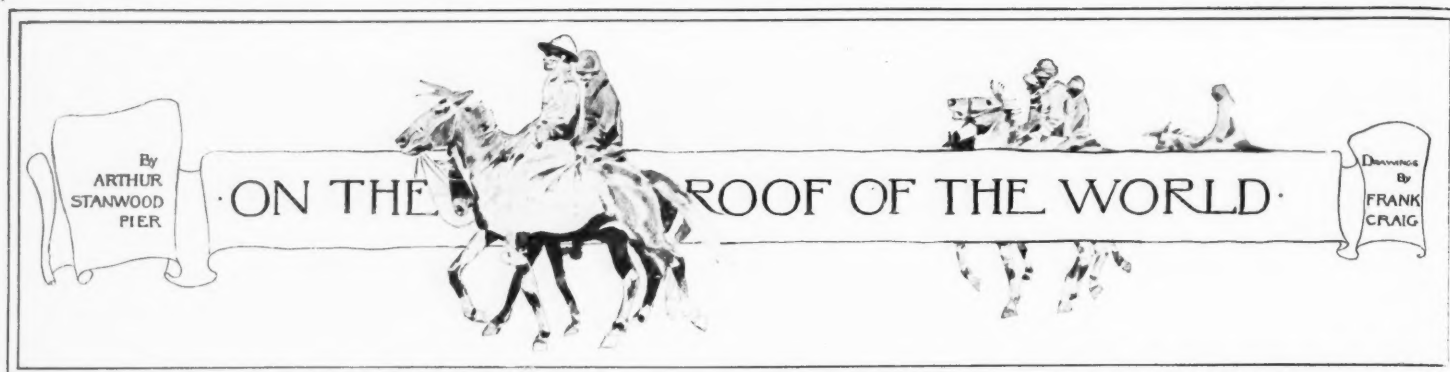
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OLR'S



TO THE CALL

FRED REMINGTON



The Adventures of Two British Political Agents on a Secret Mission in Thibet

THOUGH Thibet was yet a land of mystery, rumors came down the Himalayan slope and disturbed the repose of an Empire. The Viceroy summoned two men whom he trusted.

"You will go," said the Viceroy at the end of the conference, "with but two objects—to ascertain the extent of Russian intrigue and to bring back an accurate report. You need not regard the entrance into Lhasa as essential. Be content with less."

For a full year thereafter, Captain Vinton and Graham Cochrane, formerly of the British Consulate at Peking, more recently attached to the Indian Diplomatic Service, had striven unavailingly to enter Thibet. They had tried the Jelap-la Pass, the Kilung Pass, the Lo Pass, and each time had been conducted back across the border.

Then they had worked round through Kashmir to Srinagar and Leh. From there they traveled through Ladak, scaled the Lunak Pass, and at last descended upon the wild Thibetan plain. None of the traders whom they met bringing wool and salt to Leh offered opposition, no guards appeared to turn them back; the city of Marokh was less than two days' journey distant.

"This is hopeful," said Cochrane. He was a small man with a sandy beard and blue eyes that had shone even through past disappointments with enthusiasm. His face was bronzed and creased with the dust of long traveling. His companion, the big, black-bearded soldier with deep meditative eyes, sat his horse day after day without restlessness, without drooping. They rode in advance of the caravan, and neither they nor their four guides showed any weapons. But under their long coats they had revolvers, and one of the ponies carried on his back a dozen rifles.

On either hand stretched the wide plain, here barren and rocky, there spotted with clumps of coarse grass; to the right rose the wall of the Himalayas, buttressed by long sweeping foothills, surmounted by shining peaks of snow. The sky spread blue and flawless overhead, the plain lay treeless, shadowless, with a myriad points of rock glittering in the sun; the light breeze lifted thin coils of dust and dropped them lightly.

Gradually twilight fell, and then night, even while a faint glow shone on the distant summits. Sakra Das hobbled and blanketed the ponies; Chundra and Sarat pitched the tents, the two Englishmen stretched themselves on their blankets and smoked, while their interpreter Bharan cooked the supper of rice and tea. He was a slim, wiry Hindoo, noiseless and gentle, with quick, intelligent eyes, and a faithful smile; after the meal he bowed before his masters and lay down across the door of the tent. Soon they all slept, and there was only the sound of the wind gently filiping the canvas.

THE next morning they were on their way at dawn, in the cool light that streamed out of the pink spaces above the mountains. They came at last to the scarp of sandstone that bounded the steppe; the sun rose and the day grew warm.

Surmounting the sandstone ridge, they saw in the valley below a caravan of camels, heavily laden. "They come from Turkestan," said Bharan. "Thither the men of Marokh go often to travel."

"We will speak with them," said Vinton.

He and Cochrane, accompanied by the interpreter, rode down toward the caravan, chanting together the Buddhist prayer—"Om mani peme hum."

The Thibetans, mounted on their camels, muffled in sheepskin coats, gazed with expressionless, beardless faces.

"Tell them, Bharan, that we come from the King on the South, bringing presents to his brother the great Lama of Marokh," said Cochrane.

Bharan spoke, and one who was evidently the chief replied.

"He asks," said Bharan, "is the king a great Bodhisattva, like the great King of the Northwest?"

"Say yes," said Cochrane, unscrupulously. "Whom do they mean by the King of the Northwest?"

The question received a long answer, which Bharan reported thus: "The brother lord of the Great Bo, who dwells among them and who sent them to Kirghiz in Turkestan, to receive there the great Bodhisattva's gift. Sometime the Bodhisattva will come—to make the eight days' penance in the Holy City. So he has promised through the Great Bo, his brother, who dwells in the house of Bu Lama."

Vinton stroked his beard.

"Do you see what is packed on the camels?" Cochrane whispered. "Rifles—hundreds of them."

"Ask them," Vinton said to Bharan, "if we may journey with them to Marokh."

The refusal was polite. "They may not travel with the Sahibs. The Sahibs may not enter the city; they may leave their presents without the gates and depart. So has it been ordained of all strangers."

"An arrangement which shows neither hospitality nor gratitude," Cochrane grumbled to Vinton as they rode away. "Brand new rifles—not bought, but given by the great Bodhisattva. The party had been sent by the Great Bo to receive these presents from his illustrious brother. It seems to me the first thing to ascertain is, who and what is the Great Bo."

"So I was thinking," replied Vinton.

FOUR hours they traveled, seeing occasionally herds of antelope in the far distance. Then they came to scattering huts made of felt spread on light framework. Dirty, unkempt people in dark woollens or sheepskins came out to stare at them. But not till they reached a village of mud houses did they create active excitement. There a young man mounted upon a yak which he guided by a rope fastened to its nose rode up and inspected them; then turned, and, putting the animal to a clumsy trot, hastened away.

The horses were too tired to follow, and after leaving this unpromising village behind, it was necessary to let them rest. An hour later, surmounting a low hill, the travelers saw the gray walls and houses of Marokh, clustered in the empty plain. They were descending the slope when a company of men on foot emerged from the city.

"They have been expecting us," said Vinton. "It is not a delegation of welcome."

They drew nearer, and the company from the town halted and formed across the road. And then the Englishmen, as they approached, saw that guns were trained upon them—muskets supported at the muzzle by iron prongs placed upon the ground.

"Go, Bharan, and say we come in peace," said Vinton.

Bharan, with both hands raised above his head, rode forward.

"We might try the prayer wheels," Cochrane suggested, and they drew out from under their sheepskin coats the instruments of prayer with which they had provided themselves—toy barrels that revolved upon sticks. They held these aloft and spun them from right to left. The Thibetans suffered them to draw near, but remained threatening.

"It's about time they got in a new consignment of guns," Cochrane murmured. "Those old matchlocks, even when leveled at you, are almost humorous." And then, glancing off, he called Vinton's attention to the crowd gathering by the city gate.

Bharan made a long harangue. The chief, a man short and squat, with a stolid Chinese face, replied.

"He says," Bharan translated, "that for the great Lama he returns the Sahibs ten thousand thanks and will purchase for them many readings of the holy books. When the Sahibs have left their presents here for the great Lama, he will provide them with an escort to take them back to their honorable land."

"Tell him," said Cochrane, "we have been sent by the great Bodhisattva of the Northwest with messages for his brother, the Great Bo. And the great Bodhisattva will be much displeased if we fail to see his brother and receive his hospitality."

"Good," muttered Vinton.

"Moreover," continued Cochrane, "tell him that the messengers whom the Great Bo sent to receive the presents of the great Bodhisattva are even now returning, and that we have preceded them, bearing greetings."

Bharan addressed the chieftain eloquently, spreading wide his arms to signify the greatness of his masters. The chief listened with attention, then turned and sent a runner back to the city.

"He has sent to ask the Great Bo if it be his pleasure to see the Sahibs," Bharan explained.

The soldiers drew near and in friendly fashion fingered the felt boots of the travelers, and examined the packs on the ponies. They discovered the rifles and gathered round Bharan.

"They ask, are these the gifts that the Sahibs have brought from the great Bodhisattva?"

"Not these," said Cochrane, "but there are many other such being borne by the Great Bo's messengers. These we carried to protect ourselves against the robbers in the barbarous lands through which we journeyed. We shall require them again for our

protection when we return through the lands of the barbarous."

The people who had assembled by the city gate now approached timidly but with curiosity. There were women among them, clad in woollen gowns, with heads bare. One of these was young and not without charm for European eyes; her features were small and regular, and her face had a brightness of expression that set her apart from the others. Her red woollen gown was gay and new, and indicated that she was of importance; the manner of the other women toward her was respectful, and her manner toward all was careless. She gazed with fascination at Vinton, and then, with a little bow, she saluted him in the custom of the country, thrusting out her tongue to its fullest length.

"Salute the lady," Cochrane urged him, and Vinton performed the polite grimace.

This reassured her; she came up and touched his beard, then she gave a little exclamation and ran back laughing. And the others laughed, too. She came forward again, and again she touched Vinton's beard, with obvious wonder and delight. And as she put out her hand, Cochrane noticed that she wore a sapphire ring of European workmanship.

She ran back and stood with a young man distinguished by his sleeveless yellow cloak as a Lama. She talked to him, laughing and pointing at the big Englishman with the black beard, and the Lama smiled.

"You seem," Cochrane observed to Vinton, "to have made an impression."

"Yes," Vinton answered quietly. "Did you notice her ring?"

Cochrane nodded. "The Great Bo?"

"We shall soon see," Vinton replied. "Bharan, announce that we wish to make a distribution of presents in honor of the great Bodhisattva."

An announcement of this kind Bharan loved; he spread his arms wide, and with mellow, orotund voice proclaimed the beneficence of his masters. The simple folk who listened crowded round with eager faces, and under Cochrane's directions Sarat opened and unpacked a box containing cheap jewelry, rings, pins, and chains, and Vinton and Cochrane distributed these impartially, except that when he came to the girl Vinton gave her three presents instead of one—a plated bracelet, a brass pin, a necklace of imitation coral. And while he was delivering these to her delighted grasp, Cochrane presented the young Lama with a nickel-plated watch, which the Thibetan received with an almost incredulous joy.

A SMALL party issued from the gate of the city. Two men, mounted on yaks, rode side by side; the others followed on foot. As they approached, the young woman, who had decorated herself with the bracelet and the necklace and the pin, concealed the ornaments under her cloak and spoke to her companion.

Out of the excited murmurs that arose, Bharan supplied this information to his masters: "Bu Lama and the Great Bo draw near. The daniel calls the youth brother."

One of the approaching chieftains wore the Lama's sleeveless yellow cloak. The other was clothed in sheepskin, but about his waist was a red girdle with a silver buckle; his boots were of felt, and on his head was a small felt cap. He was a man of larger and heavier build than his companion. Cochrane was looking hard at him; he came nearer, and Cochrane flushed a painful red. Vinton did not notice this, for he, too, was looking at the Great Bo, whose face, smooth-shaven, was European, not Asiatic. A swarthy man, with thin, down-curving lips, a thin, high-bridged nose, and bright dark eyes under a shaggy brow, he seemed one who might be arrogant, distrustful, and cruel.

Cochrane, with his mouth settling into hard lines, was still gazing when the rider bent his hawk's glance upon him. And at once surprise passed over the Great Bo's face—surprise swiftly followed by triumph. He smiled and, riding forward, held out his hand.

"Mr. Cochrane," he said, and somehow there was the suggestion of unpleasant, exulting laughter in his utterance of the words.

Cochrane took the offered hand.

"M. Pavlov," he replied. "M. Pavlov, this is my friend and fellow-traveler, Captain Vinton."

"It is a pleasure to meet a friend and fellow-traveler of Mr. Cochrane's," said M. Pavlov, as he dismounted and shook hands with the captain. He spoke very good English, with only a trace of accent. "You will allow me to present you to His Sublimity, Bu Lama, Mr.

Cochrane—"and, turning, he addressed the Lama, who still sat astride his yak.

Bu Lama was a young man, with a stupid, docile, weak face; at the end of Pavlov's speech he said a few words.

"His Sublimity desires, since you are my friend," said Pavlov, "that you pass this night in the lamasery."

"His Sublimity is most kind," replied Cochrane. "It is a remarkable kindness on the part of His Sublimity. Fen Che!"—the Russian had caught sight of the girl, who had been shielding herself behind others in the crowd—"Fen Che!" He addressed her sharply in reproof. When he had finished, the girl, accompanied by her brother, started away toward the town, walking with downcast eyes.

Pavlov turned again to the Englishmen. "Mount, gentlemen," he said. "His Sublimity desires to order the reading of the holy books on your behalf."

So they proceeded, the two Englishmen, the Russian and the Lama riding in advance.

"This is an extraordinary meeting for old friends, M. Pavlov," Vinton remarked. "You and Cochrane have known each other long?"

"In Peking—eight years ago," Pavlov replied. "And, Captain Vinton, you will pardon me; you have an interpreter? Then possibly you will for a moment converse with His Sublimity—you will pardon me—but I would speak privately with my old friend."

"Of course," said Vinton, and he called Bharan forward.

"We will fall behind a little way," Pavlov suggested to Cochrane. "We do not precede His Sublimity."

He looked at Cochrane with a confident, amused smile.

"Why," he said gently, "did you come? Shooting? Travel? Exploration? Adventure?"

"All those," replied Cochrane.

"It was a mistake that you have made," said Pavlov, shaking his head. "Two mistakes. Shall I point them out to you, Mr. Cochrane—two mistakes that you have made?"

"If it affords you pleasure," Cochrane answered.

"It involves a compliment to you," the Russian replied politely.

"Therefore it affords me pleasure." He paused to enjoy a cynical smile.

"It was a mistake, perhaps, to accept my hand. For then I suspected that the constraint of duty overcame your personal preference—which—am I not right?—would have been to turn your back. Again, it was a mistake, perhaps, to present me to your friend. For then I was confirmed in my suspicion. It was—permit me, my dear Mr. Cochrane—most distasteful to you to present me to your friend. I pay you the compliment, you would never have yielded to the humiliation for such small personal ends as—shooting—travel—exploration—adventure."

He dwelt on each word with amused incredulity, and let go a gentle, derisive laugh.

"Your subtlety is deep, M. Pavlov," Cochrane replied.

"That is the tribute of a novice, my dear Mr. Cochrane," said Pavlov with great good humor.

"It was an experiment in subtlety, truly, to represent yourselves as agents of our great Bodhisattva; it was indeed a subtle plan by which to gain admittance to Marokh. Yet it succeeded; ah, yes, it has succeeded!" He laughed mirthfully.

"It was a natural desire, perhaps," said Cochrane, "to behold a city into which few Europeans have entered."

"Shall I tell you why you have come?" said the Russian. "It is as spies, my dear Mr. Cochrane—spies! We may rejoice our friends."

Their accession was welcome to Vinton, who had been unable to engage Bu Lama in conversation. Bharan was so devout a Buddhist that he could not be persuaded to transmit ordinary questions to the holy man. Instead, he muttered prayers and spun his prayer wheel with diligence.

They were near the city when through the gate came five men, one bearing an axe, the others carrying a litter, on which a blanket partly concealed a human body.

"A funeral," said Pavlov, "will be interesting to travelers. We will follow it—up on yonder hillside."

He spoke to the Lama and then said: "His Sublimity bids me say that you will dine with him to-night."

He dismounted and bowed before the Lama, as did also the Englishmen and their retainers; Bharan especially was profound in his obeisance. Then the Lama, followed by half the retinue of soldiers, rode on into the city; the others, remaining with Pavlov and the Englishmen, awaited the approach of the funeral procession. The axeman at the head was large in stature; the axe upon his shoulder was polished and keen. Passing the strangers, he gave them but a momentary glance; the four men behind him, however, carried their burden listlessly and turned their heads to stare.

The hilltop to which they went and whither the spectators followed was strewn with human bones. The bearers set down the litter and removed the blanket; the dead man lay naked then in the sun. The axeman raised aloft his instrument, and Vinton and Cochrane turned away their heads. They heard one dull sound, and then another; they saw Pavlov gazing with an inhuman, vulture-like expression which softened into contempt when he glanced at them. And that inhuman zest on Pavlov's face filled Cochrane again with the loathing of him for a reptile with which he had last looked on him in Peking eight years before.

The sound of the blows ceased.

"Come," said Pavlov, "curse not the dead with an averted eye. Be brave. Look round. You come as brothers of the Great Bo."

They turned and saw the butcher holding one dismembered arm; he pitched it to the east, and uttered what might have been a prayer. The other arm he flung to the west, one leg north, and the other south, and then he laid the head and body together at his feet.

"It is over," said Pavlov. "In a few days the birds—It is," he observed gently, "an inhospitable land in which to die."

They descended the hill in silence and entered the city. It was a squalid town. The filth and odors in the

Then Pavlov turned and addressed them sternly, and they fell behind in obedience.

At the top of the slope was a walled inclosure in which the Russian explained that the Englishmen's retainers would encamp. He dismounted from his yak and turned it over to a soldier. To the others of the company he issued a command, and when the caravan was within the compound, four soldiers stood as sentinels at the gate.

"Our people are not lawless," Pavlov said to the Englishmen. "But I arrange this guard for the protection of your people. Now, gentlemen, accompany me, if you please, and since it is understood that you come from the great Bodhisattva, let me suggest that you observe the same ceremonies as I, his servant."

Bharan followed them out of the inclosure past the sentries.

"Your interpreter is hardly necessary," remarked Pavlov. "However—"

The lamasery was a rambling and composite building of rough stone, rising in places to a height of three stories, but in the central portion flat, windowless and low. It was encircled by a wide roadway; as they approached this, Pavlov said: "I have introduced a little religious ceremony here which has become accepted—an adaptation of the penitential progress of pilgrims over the Ringkor—the boulevard of Lhasa, the holy city. It is customary to cross it in a series of prostrations, praying as we go; I will utter my prayer in English that you, following me, may understand."

He stooped and, putting his hands upon the ground, stretched himself prone until his forehead touched the dust. Then rising, he stepped forward until he stood in the spot where his head had been; then he again measured his length. By such stages he crossed, by such the Englishmen followed, and during their progress they heard Pavlov offering up this prayer: "Oh, Buddha Sakyamuni, Buddha Siddhartha, very perfect and enlightened one, other Buddhas! Behold me as I lie prostrate; behold me as I rise up to lay myself again prostrate! In such position, in each and every position, I make confession that I have committed many and grievous sins, of crimes I have not been guiltless, in robberies, treasons, and many foul calumnies I have delighted. Now, therefore, I prostrate myself and confess all these, and I have faith that I am absolved from my transgressions—and I now rise up absolved. And—since it is desirable now to acknowledge it—I do also confess to other robberies, murders, and iniquities in which I shall in the future indulge, and having made this confession I believe I am absolved for these also—and I now rise up absolved."

"May I ask, is that the usual invocation or is it one special to yourself?" said Cochrane.

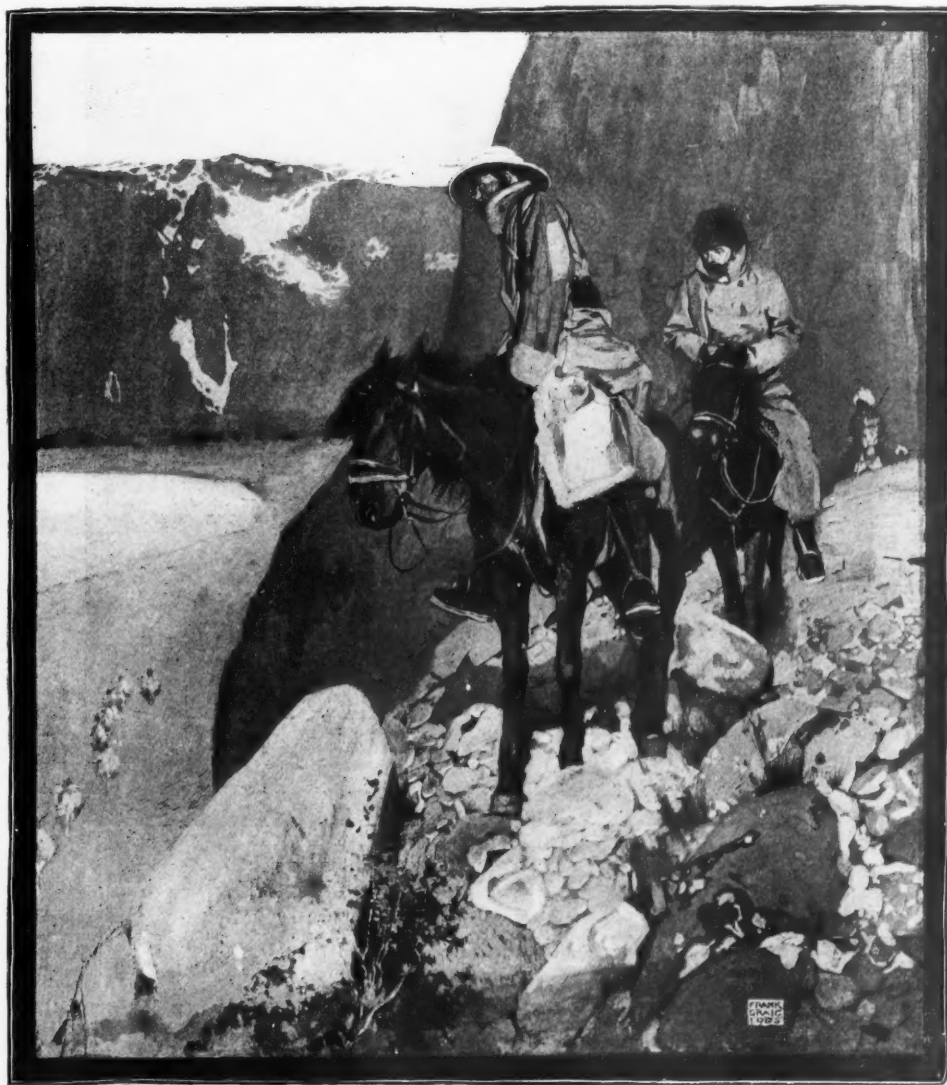
"Ah," Pavlov replied with his cynical smile, "it is with such that I amuse myself. The people do not understand; they regard it as a holy utterance. Behold your servant now, crawling on his belly, with his mouth full of pious words! Life even in Marokh, gentlemen, may have its humors."

They awaited Bharan, who had remained meekly on the further side until his masters and the Great Bo had crossed. He came crawling in abject penitence, crawling and groaning out his sins. And when Cochrane glanced up and saw the cold smile with which the Russian regarded this approach, his hatred of the man became for one moment passionate.

"We will first enter the Hall of the Sacred Readings," said Pavlov.

"You will wish to have the readings made for you? It is inexpensive—but ten rupees apiece. And it will be expected of the messengers from the great Bodhisattva."

The Hall of the Sacred Readings, a room a hundred feet in length, was dim and without windows, except for two small openings in the roof. It was lighted partly by primitive lamps hung round the walls, down which the melting butter that fed the flame trickled in greasy streams. Two rows of columns swathed in ancient and dirty rugs supported the ceiling; the walls were divided into panels on which were crude paintings of scenes from the life of Buddha. The floor was strewn with dingy red cushions, and before each cushion was placed a small upright reading stand,



Surmounting the sandstone ridge, they saw in the valley below a caravan of camels, heavily laden

streets, the swarming, dirty people of the small stone houses, the lean and mangy dogs that slunk from one heap of refuse to another, were evidences of wretched poverty. Suspended before the doorways were the prayer wheels, which the passers-by twirled incessantly. The Englishmen and their followers, riding in single file behind their Russian guide, passed through the market-place, noisy with a chattering crowd, reeking with the smell of animals and rotting vegetables, and ascended the hill on which stood the lamasery. And as they journeyed, they drew after them a clamorous and insistent throng, until at last men and women pushed forward in the narrow spaces along the house walls and raised up their hands, reiterating a sharp, begging cry.

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The Hall of the Sacred Readings, a room a hundred feet in length, was dim and without windows, except for two small openings in the roof. It was lighted partly by primitive lamps hung round the walls, down which the melting butter that fed the flame trickled in greasy streams. Two rows of columns swathed in ancient and dirty rugs supported the ceiling; the walls were divided into panels on which were crude paintings of scenes from the life of Buddha. The floor was strewn with dingy red cushions, and before each cushion was placed a small upright reading stand,

hardly higher than a man's knee. At the further end was a platform, and there His Sublimity sat on a rug in meditation.

Pavlov conducted his guests through the long room. The young Lama awaited their approach with gravity. Pavlov, bowing low before him, made a brief speech, at the end of which the Lama without rising held out his hand.

"He will command the readings," Pavlov said to Vinton. "It will be for each of you ten rupees."

The money was delivered into the hand of the priest who struck upon a gong. Then after a moment the procession of Lamas, a hundred in number, entered through a side door, and, spreading about the room, seated themselves before the low stands. The youngest of them—the brother of Fen Che—distributed the pages of the Sacred Books, and at once the Lamas began chanting or reading from the sheets laid before them. "In this occupation we will leave them," Pavlov said, and he led his guests away.

They entered the loftier wing of the building and passed along a bare corridor. Pavlov pushed open a door.

"Poor quarters, but our best," he said. "You will honor His Sublimity and me by occupying them. Enter, if you please."

Vinton, glancing down the corridor, caught a glimpse of a woman drawing back behind a door. Pavlov, facing the other way, did not see, and Vinton, saying nothing, followed Cochrane into the room. It was bare, except for a few rugs and cushions.

"Here I must leave you," said the host. "For I also must take part in the reading of the Holy Books. During this ceremony it will be expected that you will remain within. At six o'clock it will be ended, and you will then go along the corridor and up the first flight of steps. You will turn in at the first door to the right. There is His Sublimity's dining hall."

"I suppose," Vinton said, "that our interpreter Bharan is included in the invitation."

"I regret," replied Pavlov, with a courtly smile, "that you must endure my poor services as interpreter."

He bowed to them civilly and departed.

"Bharan," said Vinton, "one moment."

The interpreter understood and withdrew outside the door.

"Now," Vinton said to Cochrane with sudden alertness, "what do you know about this gentleman?"

"There was a scandal in the European Club in Peking," Cochrane answered quietly. "It was an offence that even by the most indulgent and Oriental standards could not be condoned. As a director of the club I assisted in expelling Pavlov."

"To-day," observed Vinton, "you gave him your hand."

"Yes," said Cochrane. "And because of that, he has guessed something of our mission. It is not conceivable," added Cochrane, speaking slowly, "that he intends to let us escape."

"We are expected," Vinton said after a moment, "to remain within doors during the sacred reading. I wonder if such expectations are enforced?"

He looked at Cochrane; then he stepped quickly across the room and opened the door. Cochrane followed. They stood staring up and down the corridor. Bharan had disappeared, and the place was as silent as a tomb.

"This way," said Vinton. They strode along the passage to the entrance. They passed through the open doorway, and then halted, for two rifles fell, breast high, across their path, and on either side three others were leveled at their heads. They stood inclosed in the lane formed by eight soldiers, whose faces were stolid and expressionless.

Cochrane was automatically aware of the sunlight flooding the squalid sloping city and the bleak hills beyond, of the mingled discordant voices of the Lamas in the adjacent hall, and of one tardy Lama crawling on his belly across the holy road.

"They are modern rifles," Vinton observed quietly. As the Englishmen stood motionless, the muzzles of the rifles were advanced and pressed against their heads. Then they drew back within the corridor. The soldiers did not follow them, did not even darken the doorway to gaze after them.

"We are," said Vinton, "quite obviously prisoners." As they walked up the corridor, Bharan emerged from a doorway at the further end. He carried on his arm a sheepskin coat and hurried toward them.

"Pardon, Sahibs," he said. "I was beguiled by the young woman to whom the Sahibs made presents without the walls. She desired me to bring this to the Sahib captain. If it is his pleasure to accept the gift, I will fetch her forth; if it be not his pleasure, she would not wish to offend his sight."

"Bring her by all means," said Vinton. "Let her come to our room, that I may thank her for her gift."

Bharan sped noiselessly to bring Fen Che. When he returned with her she prostrated herself on the rug at Vinton's feet.

"Tell her to rise," said Vinton. "And express my great delight in this garment."

To the transmission of this message, Fen Che, still lying prostrate, made a long response.

"She lies at the feet of the noblest and most beautiful," explained Bharan gravely. "She desires the supreme joy that he would condescend to take her life. But if he does not condescend, she craves permission to don her ceremonial robe in order that she may be fittingly complete this miserable garment for the noblest and most beautiful of chieftains."

"The permission is granted," said Vinton. "Let her return to us after changing her robe."

Again Bharan interpreted: "She will return with great joy."

When she had departed Cochrane said: "Let us lay our situation before your inamorata. She may be able to help us."

"No," said Vinton. "It is better never to confide in

"Again give her many thanks," said Vinton. "I am much pleased with the gift. Say to her that we wish now to be alone."

She withdrew obediently, and through the open door they heard her little feet pattering along the corridor. "If we can not leave the building," said Vinton, "we can at least explore the interior."

So they went from one passage to another, trying doors, some of which were locked, some of which opened into cells as bare as their own. It was clearly as Fen Che had said; there was but one way out of the palace. They came to the end; they turned back, and Vinton and Cochrane walked together, whispering, while Bharan followed.

"He will have to know," said Cochrane. "The question is, can we trust him if it comes to fighting?"

"I believe we can," said Vinton.

When they reached the door of their room, Vinton said: "Bharan, again you will wait outside until we summon you. And let no young woman, however beautiful, beguile you away."

"Sahib, I obey," said Bharan. But in his dark eyes there was mute anxiety.

"The man is faithful to death," said Vinton, when the door was closed. "His face does not lie. And though he is timid, he is no coward, before what has to be."

"Then," said Cochrane eagerly, "we three—with our revolvers—we can rush out, surprise the guards, and once in the compound where the rifles—"

"It is a wild chance," said Vinton. "Besides, what becomes then of our mission? To-night we dine with the Lama and the Russian; to-night we may learn what we were sent to learn; at present our information is incomplete. It is not time yet to run away."

"You are right," Cochrane admitted. "But Bharan—would it not be well to let him know? He suspects now."

"Yes," Vinton opened the door and Bharan entered.

"Bharan," said Vinton, laying his hand on the man's shoulder and looking gravely into his upturned face, "the Great Bo is our enemy. We entered this building his guests; we can not leave it, for we are his prisoners. There are armed soldiers at the entrance. It may be that we shall have to fight for life and freedom."

Bharan's face was gray, but his eyes did not fall.

"What does the Sahib desire that I should do?" he asked quietly.

"You are lips and ears for us in this land," Vinton answered. "Therefore our need of you is very great. Yet it is not our wish to restrain you in danger against your will. If the way is open to you to depart alone, we will not prevent you. If you choose to remain and share with us whatever befalls, we salute you for a brave and faithful man."

Bharan said in his respectful voice: "I will stay with the Sahibs. What does the Sahib desire that I should do?"

Vinton grasped and held his hand. "Then this. See if you can pass out; very likely the soldiers will not molest you. Go to the compound and remain with Sarat and the rest. Three hours after nightfall, bring to me here a rifle. If you can not do this, at least return to me yourself."

"Yes, Sahib."

Cochrane and Vinton stood in the corridor and watched the slim, lithe figure go noiselessly down toward the light. Bharan approached the entrance; he passed out and away.

The Englishmen looked at each other with some relief.

"Well," said Vinton, "we have one good friend outside our prison."

They went back into their room and closed the door. There they sat on a rug and smoked and speculated on what the night might bring forth.

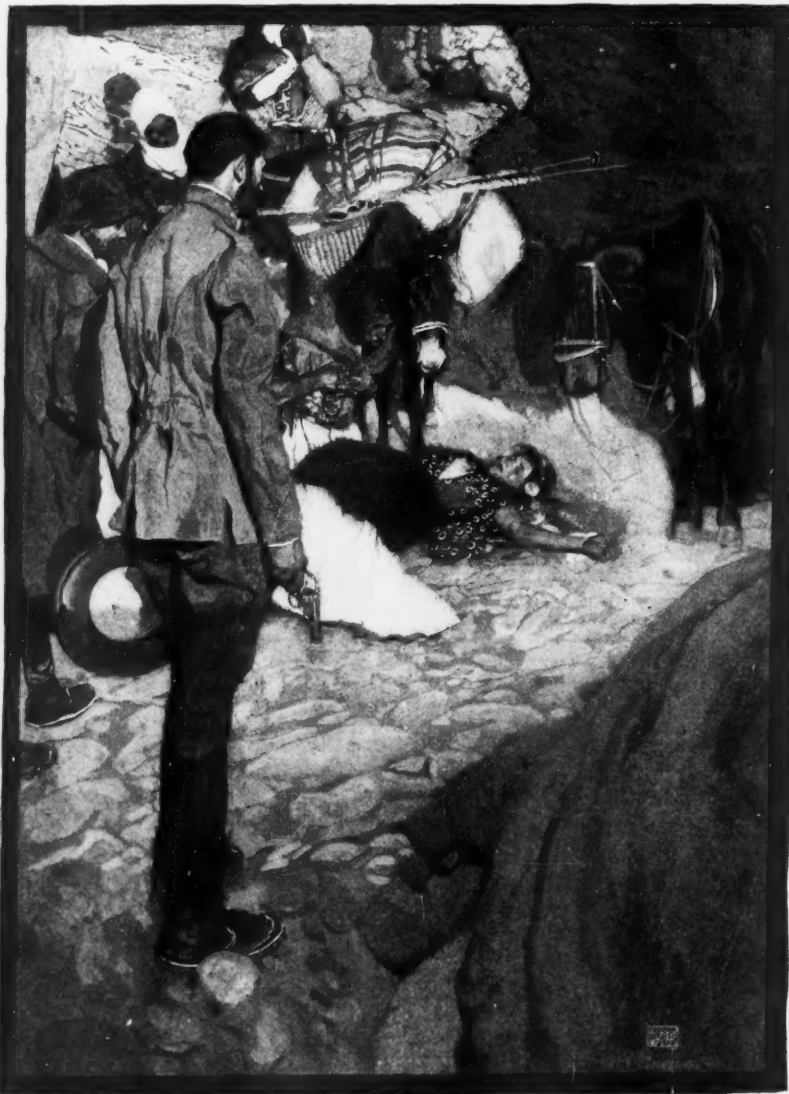
By and by they heard the footsteps and murmuring voices of the Lamas returning along the corridor from the Hall of the Sacred Readings. And half an hour later they went to keep their appointment with His Sublimity and the Great Bo.

Pavlov and the Lama were awaiting them, seated on the floor of the banquet hall. Before them were spread the dishes of the feast. The Englishmen bowed low to the Lama; Pavlov pointed to the two cushions placed for them, and they sat down.

"Upon leaving you, gentlemen," said Pavlov, "I had an afterthought—that it might be unsafe for strangers to wander alone in this town. Therefore I took the liberty of stationing guards to keep you from wandering. A rough precaution—yet you forgive it, I trust?"

"We understood perfectly," replied Vinton.

"We could not help marveling," said Cochrane, "that



She had been killed by a bullet through the brain

a woman. But we may ascertain useful facts from her."

Yet facts seemed to have been omitted from Fen Che's intellectual equipment. She sat, in her blue gown, which was even cleaner and newer than her red, and sewed diligently on the collar of the sheepskin coat, now and then pausing to bend forward and touch her forehead to the floor. It was a delicate matter to ask her questions without alarming Bharan. How many entrances had the palace? She pointed in but one direction—down the corridor. Were all the windows as small as these—which were not a hand's breadth across? Yes. Vinton asked her who she was, and out of the disparaging verbiage with which she incumbered her description of herself, he gathered that she had been placed in the lamasery by the Great Bo.

"Do you love the Great Bo?" Vinton asked.

She touched her head to the floor and spoke.

"She saith: 'Oh, my lord, it is only you that I love,'" Bharan translated.

"A manner of speaking," laughed Vinton. "Ask if she would do a thing for love."

She murmured her answer.

"Sahib," Bharan said, "she submissively desires to do naught else."

She finished sewing on the collar of the sheepskin coat, and presented the garment to Vinton, bowing before him in humble devotion.

(Continued on page 20)



OUT-OF-DOORS

IN THIS DEPARTMENT, OUTDOOR LIFE—THAT IS, SPORT IN THE BROADER AND MORE GENERAL SENSE—WILL BE DISCUSSED AT FREQUENT INTERVALS DURING THE SUMMER AND COMING AUTUMN

OF ALL that vast and variegated army now busy in its vacation duty of clambering up mountains, floating down rivers, and pitching camp in the wilderness, the man whose task most broadly and vividly appeals to the sporting imagination is the persistent Mr. Peary. On July 26, Commander Peary sailed from North Sydney, N. S., in his new ship *Roosevelt*, bound for the North Pole. His departure was observed, through the medium of the daily papers, with about the same exuberant zest which one would bestow on the departure of a Congressional investigating committee bound for Porto Rico. Hunting the North Pole is such an ancient quest and so weighted with tradition that it has become a sort of institution, and we forget what a picturesque business it is, forget that it is about the only thing left to us from those old days when all the world was a thing of mystery. The once unknown lands are now discovered—there is no mystery in Tibet or anywhere else. There are, to be sure, a few high mountains, on the tops of which no intrepid climbers have yet posed for their photographs; there are volcanoes whose craters are still alluringly uncomfortable, and no end of uncharted, mussy and very uncomfortable swamps. But folks can get little fame and less fun by visiting them. The fame is limited to a magazine article which nobody reads but the author's friends, and, judging by the amount of concentrated misery which such articles generally describe, there is really no fun at all. The man who discovers the North Pole, on the contrary, is going to be forthwith the most famous man in the world. He will go down in the histories with Columbus and the rest, and when one considers the hardships of the game, he ought also to be set on the same glittering shelf with the athletes and the great warriors. Maybe science will be enriched by his discovery. Some are inclined to fancy that the only thing that will be learned when the Pole is found will be that it is there. But the man who finds it will have the fun of knowing that he has made all the Alpine climbers and wilderness trotters and big game hunters look very small indeed. There is only one disadvantage about discovering the North Pole. As soon as it is found there is destroyed forever the most interesting sporting proposition now open to the restless and able-bodied men of all the world.

Trying to Swim the Channel

There are many little "North Poles" in our little world of sport. The English Channel is one of them. Nobody seems able to swim it. They get within four miles or so of the other coast, and have to give up. Miss Annette Kellerman is the last to fail. Miss Kellerman is the champion woman swimmer of Australia, and shortly before she tried the Channel she swam twelve and three-quarter miles in the Thames in 3 hours, 54 minutes and 16 seconds. She said at the time that she could have gone another twelve had she not been so hungry. Miss Kellerman set out across the Channel for France and kept at it for five hours. Then she succumbed to the malady which has made so many people uncomfortable while crossing over to Calais, and had to give up. A Liverpool man, one Edward Heaton, tried the task at the same time, but had to quit after he had covered one-third of the way.

In our own country, out of the millions who have been more or less effectively splashing about in salt and fresh waters these summer days, two or three have taken the trouble to break the records. Prof. H. A. Fair, who teaches German at Yale; Mr. E. T. Clapp, who used to be an intercollegiate champion hurdler, and Mr. E. T. Thompson, who is editor of the Yale Alumni "Weekly," all swam across New Haven harbor,

from the west shore to Morris Cove. The distance is three miles, and Mr. Thompson did it in two hours and a half. This is not extraordinary time, but it makes what may be called a "new Yale record," and to have an editor, a champion hurdler, and a German professor together in such a contest is rather a record in itself. On July 19, J. Scott Leary, of the Olympic Club of San Francisco, broke the open-water swimming record for 100 yards from 1 minute 24-5 seconds to 1 minute flat. The former record was made by C. M. Daniels, of the New York Athletic Club, at Lafayette, Pennsylvania, on August 20, 1904. The new record was made during a contest at the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland.

Fine Sport With Our English Cousins

Both in cricket, which, of course, is essentially a Briton's game, and in tennis, which we sometimes like to think is as much ours as our English cousins', we have been beaten. The record which the American team made in England, however, trying to win back the Davis Cup, was one of which they and all of us have reason to be proud. There never was finer tennis shown on either side of the water. In the final set of the doubles, between the Doherty brothers and Ward and Wright, the score went to deuce games with the sets already two all, and was finally won, 8-6. Mr. Wright's net game was exceptionally clever. In the final of the singles, Mr. Clothier was able to win only

and the seventh time an American team had competed in the mother country. The "Gentlemen of Philadelphia" first went over in 1884, played eighteen games—won eight, lost five, and made a draw of five. Haverford is the only American college whose cricket team has played in England. When sportsmen may meet under such happy conditions as have surrounded these contests in tennis and cricket, defeat is easily borne.

It is because all our sport is not thus happily ordered that the zeal for exposure, so rampant nowadays, has spread even into college athletics. It is a pity that this has to be true, but since it is, it would be still more a pity were the work not done fearlessly and well. There is no branch of college athletics in which the evils that follow any weakening of the amateur spirit are more noticeable than in football. That "something ought to be done," the more informed and enlightened graduates and undergraduates vaguely agree—just why something ought to be done will be set forth in the pages of COLLIERS in a series of articles on college football in the East and Middle West, which are to appear during the coming autumn.

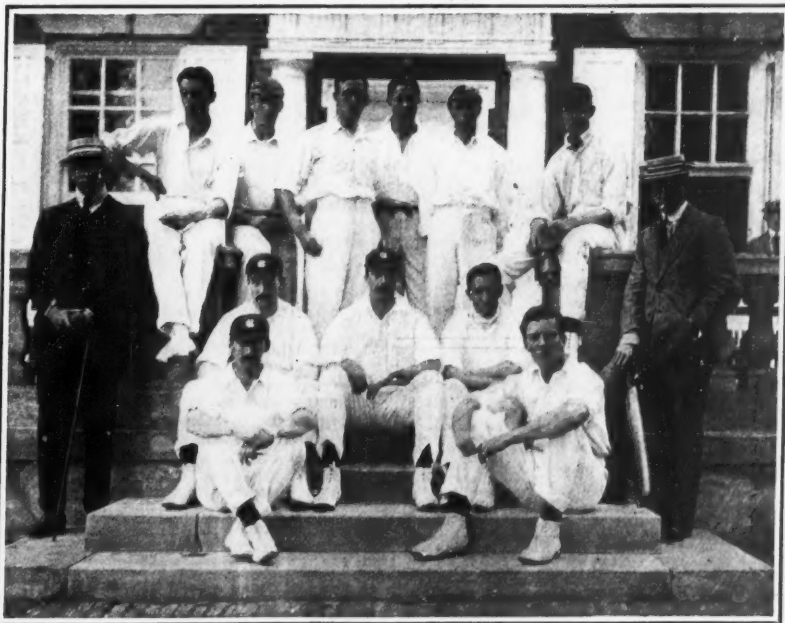
The departure from Yale of the Hon. Michael Murphy, and the agitation naturally following so violent a shifting of the athletic equilibrium of New Haven, casts an enlivening sidelight on the seriousness with which a considerable part of our college world regards the professional trainer. In order properly to welcome so vital an addition to the faculty of their university, the Pennsylvania students paraded on Commencement Day, and cheered in his honor. Something similar is the scene annually to be witnessed at Cornell, when the victorious crews and the undergraduates, returning from victory on the Hudson, march, not to the campus and the university buildings, or the home of the president, but to the house of Courtney, the professional coach, and there render homage.

The Plutocratic Trainer

At Pennsylvania, Murphy will receive, it is said, in salary and perquisites, more than \$6,000 a year. This salary is about what the president of Yale receives, and considerably larger than the salaries of most of the faculty of either institution. The quest of a trainer to succeed Murphy indicates that, as far as salary goes, he is only typical. Yale's tentative offer to Mr. "Mike" Sweeney, the Hill School trainer, was spurned because Sweeney was making, it is said, from \$6,000 to \$8,000 annually, from the preparatory school boys as trainer and athletic coach. The visit of a Yale envoy to the University of Michigan to acquire Keene Fitzpatrick, a former professional sprinter, for Murphy's place, failed because, as soon as it was learned that he was considering the Yale offer, the faculty held a special meeting and made him such a pleasing offer that he agreed to remain for five years.

The vacancy went begging for many weeks, because Yale hesitated to pay her athletic trainer more than she paid her oldest professors, or than is paid to United States Senators. We hear much of the unholy lust for winning at any cost, which is encouraged in American college athletics by the zeal of the professional trainer. No wonder he is zealous.

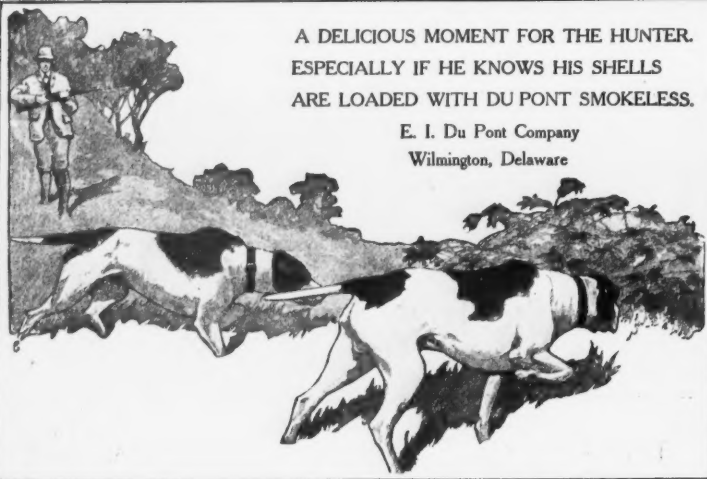
The new football rules of play do not differ materially from those of last year, in spite of the talk about making the game more open. The changes are aimed at a more strict interpretation of the old rules, not at any new details of play. One wholesome new suggestion is that "in order to prevent the prevalent stealing of the ball, the referee shall blow his whistle immediately when the forward progress of the ball has been stopped." The penalty for coaching from the side lines has been increased from five to ten yards.



H. J. Wylie H. C. McDonnell Capt. E. W. Mann F. A. H. Henley C. H. Eyre
THE ENGLISH CRICKETERS WHO HAVE BEEN PLAYING AT PHILADELPHIA

the first of his four sets with Mr. Smith, but Mr. Larned and Mr. H. L. Doherty were two all when the latter won the fifth and deciding set. The story of the English victory was that of other tennis victories which have preceded it. Our players were more brilliant, but the Englishmen more accurate, consistent, and steady.

The visit of the Marylebone cricket team is another episode in that very pleasing friendship which is growing up between the old country players and those who have taken up the game on this side—particularly those who live about Philadelphia, which one might call the "home" of the game in the States. It was last year that the Haverford College team visited England with such pleasure to itself and—considering the status of the game in this country—with such success. It was the third visit of the Haverford cricketers to England



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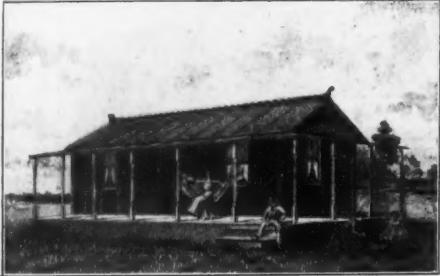
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ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

(Continued from page 18)

in a place so suspicious of strangers as to compel such measures, a foreigner like yourself had been able to acquire this authority."

"It is an odd mischance," Pavlov agreed with a smile that seemed to enjoy something secret and apart from the humor of his words. "Perhaps you would do me the honor to find the story of it interesting?"

"It would be a privilege," said Vinton, "to hear it."

"Yet it was not my intention," protested Pavlov, "to speak at once of myself. I must ask your indulgence; I have long been out of the world. Gratify first my longing to hear of the life outside. One wearies of the treeless plains and mountains of this land; tell me of India."

There was a note of sincerity in his appeal; even Cochrane felt that it was not without some pathos.

Vinton spoke of Simla, and Pavlov listened with a softening face. And then the Lama interrupted with a long-winded remark.

"His Sublimity objects to being left out of the conversation," said Pavlov. "I must amuse him." He addressed him in the tongue which the Englishmen did not understand, and the Lama's heavy face was enlivened by a silent laugh.

"He is a dull soul," Pavlov explained, "and I amuse him. Now he will leave us to ourselves for a time."

But the Lama spoke, and the Russian had to reply. "Ah, but he is rarely talkative to-night!" Pavlov exclaimed. "On His Sublimity's behalf, I propose a toast fitting for us all to drink." He poured out four cups of wine. The Lama looked at the Russian with an expectant face. "To the quiet days and nights of strangers in a strange land."

"An excellent toast," said Vinton. They all drank; the Lama set his cup down first, laughing silently, and asked a question, to which Pavlov replied, laughing. There was something in this amused interchange that struck cold to Cochrane's heart; the exclusion of Bharan from the feast assumed a fresh significance. The Russian turned, smiling, and said to Vinton in apology: "His Sublimity is but a child. One amuses him with trifles. Let us resume with Simla; we have no such gay life here."

So they talked over the wine, over the bread and mutton of the meal. Some time later the Lama clapped his hands and a servant brought more wine.

"His Sublimity is indeed in a royal humor to-night," commented Pavlov, as the Lama graciously poured out four cups. And this time the Lama seemed to propose a toast whereat he and Pavlov laughed. It was, to Cochrane at least, unpleasant laughter, and he glanced at Vinton, but the soldier's face was calm.

"And now," said Pavlov at last, "it has been very interesting to me to hear all these things. I can not hope to afford you equal entertainment with my story. Yet, perhaps, it may be my good fortune in telling it to acquaint you with some matters that you especially desire to know." He paused with a meaning smile. "For," he added, "to speak with no false humility, the spread of Russian power in Thibet is summed up—in me."

"I am sure," said Vinton, "it could have no worthier embodiment."

Pavlov bowed. "I had lived in the East for many years. I had for many years been interested in Thibetan Buddhism, and had studied it as few Europeans do. In Peking I made the acquaintance of two Thibetan Lamas, from whom I learned the language, the customs, the possibilities. A dream of empire was in my mind, gentlemen—" and he looked hard at Cochrane—"at the time when I wearied of Peking."

"To my friends the Lamas I professed the Buddhist faith. They sent me with letters to Lamas on the eastern border of Thibet; there I lived and studied for a year. I passed another year traveling from place to place—and then I became known as the agent of the great distant Bodhisattva. The Thibetans, as you have perhaps observed, are a very credulous folk. They believe even that they have something to fear from the British dwelling beyond the high mountains. Yes, they are as timorous as they are credulous."

He passed his cigarettes; Cochrane declined to smoke.

"The great Bodhisattva was so far away that from him the people had nothing to fear—so far away that he could not be very holy, and they were sorry for him because he longed to be. He called on them to help him, through me, to enjoy the grace of Buddha. He began sending presents from afar to the high Lamas of the cities where I stayed. Possibly it was expensive, even wasteful; but I had estates, and I desired an empire."

"I traveled much and gave much, and even where I had not traveled and given, the name of the Great Bo, the agent of the mighty and adoring and humbly friendly Bodhisattva, was known. But to Lhasa I had never tried to go. I waited until I should be called thither, and at last the call came. And there I spent two years in the Potala Palace, the guest of the Dalai Lama, hidden, gentlemen, away from the world—hidden where no European had been for more than half a century. And when I came out from Lhasa, Thibet was at my feet."

He sat, smiling at his guests with a thin-lipped, cruel, exultant smile. The Lama broke in with a remark.

"Sublimities will not learn that it is bad manners to interrupt," said Pavlov caustically. He said something that silenced the Lama.

"You English gentlemen," resumed Pavlov, "who stray in curiosity into the land, must think the conquest of Thibet a barren achievement. You see the country, what it is; a poor, wretched country, inhabited by a timorous, credulous, foolish, and filthy folk; ah, you do not envy me my empire. Yet it amuses me to create it; it amuses me—and Russia. Shall I tell you something more—of methods? I have now the confidence of the War Office in St. Petersburg. And they ship me rifles—rifles—rifles—and those are the presents that the great Bodhisattva makes to his Thibetan friends in return for their intercession with Buddha; and I go from town to town, teaching the young men to shoot, organizing the soldiers; and the secret silent word is always passing, that from the white people beyond the high mountains there will some day be something to fear. I have armed Shigatze, Gyantse, Rudokh, Lhasa; I am arming all the land. But when strangers approach our towns, we show them our old matchlocks, and they laugh in good-natured pity, and they go away. But those who pry too closely—" his voice rang out suddenly, harsh and strident, and then he paused, and then his face relaxed into a smile, and his voice dropped back into gentle levity—"why, they discover our rifles."

The Englishmen sat for a moment in silence. Then Vinton spoke.

"M. Pavlov," he said, "you are a patient man. I have a great respect for patience."

"Captain Vinton," replied Pavlov, "I am a Russian."

Silence fell in the room; one of the butter lamps dripping against the wall flickered and went out.

"This has been a great pleasure to me," Pavlov said, "to meet and talk with gentlemen from the outer world. I regret that your visit with us must be brief. But we are a timid and a credulous folk, and His Sublimity orders that to-morrow you shall be conducted a day's march across the desert to the mountains—to the Kando Pass, by which you will go out into Kashmir."

"His Sublimity has then learned that we are not emissaries from the great Bodhisattva?" Vinton asked.

"It was a fiction," replied Pavlov politely, "that, on the whole, it seemed unwise to maintain."

"We thank you deeply for your hospitality to us," said Vinton. "And no apology is necessary for speeding the uninvited guest. It is ours to apologize for an unintended intrusion."

They rose; the Englishmen bowed profoundly to the Lama.

"I will not say farewell," said Pavlov. "I will give myself the pleasure of being one of your escorts in the morning. You will pardon me if I do not accompany you to your room; I am expected to attend His Sublimity in prayer."

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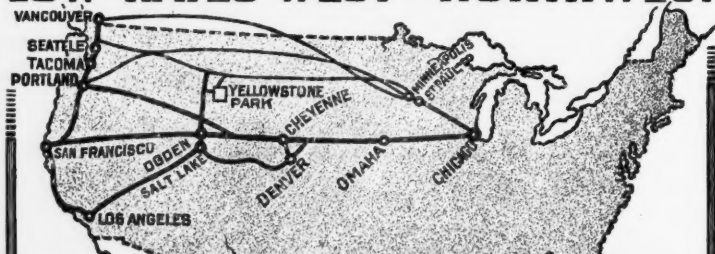
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ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

(Continued from page 20)

He shook hands with Vinton, and, smiling more inscrutably, with Cochrane. Down the dim corridor went the Englishmen and turned into their dark room. And as they stood in the darkness, fumbling for their matches, a murmuring groan rose from a corner. "Who is it?" cried Cochrane, and Vinton struck a match. By the flickering faint light Fen Che came crawling toward them, murmuring as she came; she drew near and clasped Vinton about the knees and laid her head at his feet. The match burned out. And still Fen Che lay moaning out her unintelligible speech.

"There was a lamp in the corner by the door," said Vinton.

Cochrane struck another match; in a moment the flame of the lamp was fluttering.

"The poor soul has something to tell us," Vinton muttered. "If Bharan were only here!"

She still embraced his knees, swaying her shoulders from side to side, as if in agony, turning up to him a face in which there was unmistakably terror and despair.

Vinton stooped and stroked her head; he reached down and took her hands in his gently, and then she rose on her knees and broke into sobbing. The two men looked at each other helplessly.

Then the door opened and Bharan entered. Instantly the girl scrambled to her feet and ran to him, pouring out her story. The Englishmen watched their interpreter's startled face.

"Sahibs," he said when she had finished, "her brother has told her this. In the Hall of the Sacred Readings came the Great Bo, saying that the Sahibs were spies. And it was then their desire to slay the Sahibs. But the Great Bo bade them wait. And on the morrow they will lead the Sahibs to a great mountain, with the wide desert all around, and they will say, 'Kashmir lies beyond. Be gone.' But the Sahibs will never find the way to Kashmir, for it is known to but few, and wandering and wandering they will perish of hunger."

"If he means us to die, why does he not kill us?" asked Cochrane.

Bharan addressed the girl.

"The Great Bo said," Bharan translated, "that armies might come from beyond the mountains. And when they learned that the Sahibs had been lost trying to find a way out, the armies would depart. But if they learned that the Sahibs had been slain, they would remain and bring destruction upon the land."

"Are the soldiers at the entrance?" asked Vinton.

"They are there, Sahib. And other soldiers have taken all the rifles that were with the Sahibs' servants in the compound. There is not one rifle left. So I come unarmed to the Sahibs."

"There is one thing curious," said Cochrane. "Why does her brother tell her this and permit her to bring us warning?"

"Her brother hates the Great Bo," Bharan transmitted the explanation. "The Great Bo loved her once and now is cruel. To her brother also he is cruel. And besides, her brother loves the Sahibs who gave him the wonderful small clock."

"Thank her for her kindness," Vinton said, "and ask her now to depart. For we must sleep."

But when this message was given her, Fen Che again flung herself on the floor, again embraced Vinton's knees, and cried out, wailing.

"She loves the Sahib," said Bharan. "She wishes she might die with the Sahib."

"Tell her I do not intend to die," replied Vinton, "and thank her again."

He lifted her to her feet and glanced deprecatingly at Cochrane. "After all, she's a good sort," he said, "and one may make a sacrifice. Good-by, Fen Che," and he kissed her. When she had gone, Cochrane again urged that they try to fight their way through the guard and escape.

"It is not yet time to fight," Vinton decreed. "M. Pavlov is a careful man. We need not try to escape until we have reached the mountains. Now let us sleep."

In the morning they were roused by Bu Lama's servant, bringing them their breakfast of dry bread and tea. Hardly had they finished this when Pavlov appeared.

"We are ready to start, gentlemen," he said curtly. His manner had changed overnight. He had discarded the suavity of the host and adopted the severity of the jailer.

They passed out through the courtyard of the lamasery. Thirty Tibetans armed with rifles were in waiting, mounted on yaks, and behind them stretched a long caravan of yaks and camels laden with stores.

"You seem," observed Vinton to Pavlov, "amply provisioned for a day's march."

The Russian made no answer. The Englishmen's servants and horses were brought from the compound, and the line of march was formed. Five Tibetans were told off to guard each of the prisoners. Thus Vinton and Cochrane and Bharan were all kept far apart, and Pavlov rode in advance and spoke to no one. As the procession wound down through the streets, those of the people who were awake crowded along the house walls to see. But there was no noise, no confusion, no crying out of beggars such as had attended the entrance of the Englishmen the day before.

They had entered the city from the west; they went forth from it on the east, and eastward they traveled. And all day long neither Vinton nor Cochrane nor their servants had speech with any one.

Toward noon they passed from desolation into desert. Thenceforth they traveled across a rocky, bleak, unwatery plain, toward a high mountain that grew more and more forbidding as they approached. They camped that night, and the next day at noon they came to the craggy cliffs and seamed ridges that sloped upward from the base of the great peak which towered beyond, girdled with snow. They rode to the entrance of an upward sloping gorge and there halted. The prisoners were brought to the front; their horses were led forward; the guards dismounted and stood with rifles at rest.

"Yonder," said Pavlov, speaking to the Englishmen and pointing up at the mountain peak, "lies Kashmir. March, and do not return."

"M. Pavlov," said Vinton, "do you send us out into this wilderness unarmed?"

"I know not, Captain Vinton; I have not made search of your persons. March, and at once. You entrace one step at your peril."

He turned and spoke a word to his soldiers, and they raised their rifles and threatened—five deaths to every man.

Vinton threw up his hand. "March!" he said, and led his caravan forward.

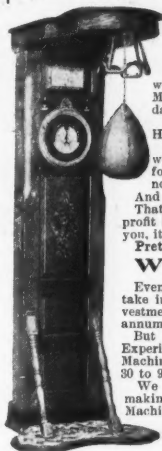
They moved slowly up the gorge, until, winding behind huge jutting crags, they had left their enemy beyond sight. Then Cochrane flamed out: "Let us turn—harge down on them; we have our revolvers; better die so than lost and str vring on this mountain."

"It is not time yet to fight—and die," Vinton answered stubbornly. "The girl said there was somewhere a pass; we will find it. We have information to report."

So they rode on and up, but the way became more bewildering and difficult. Here and there trails of herds of yaks that had sometime passed diverged in all directions, and which to follow they knew not. After three hours a recipse of sheer rock shut them in. They turned, and as they descended to seek some other outlet Cochrane said: "Let us go down and at night try to slip by the Russian, escape across the desert, and go back the way that we came in."

Vinton assented. So, moving cautiously, they came again down into the lowest gorge. There they lay hidden in the throat of it till after nightfall. The moon was faint and dim, and the night, though not overcast, was not

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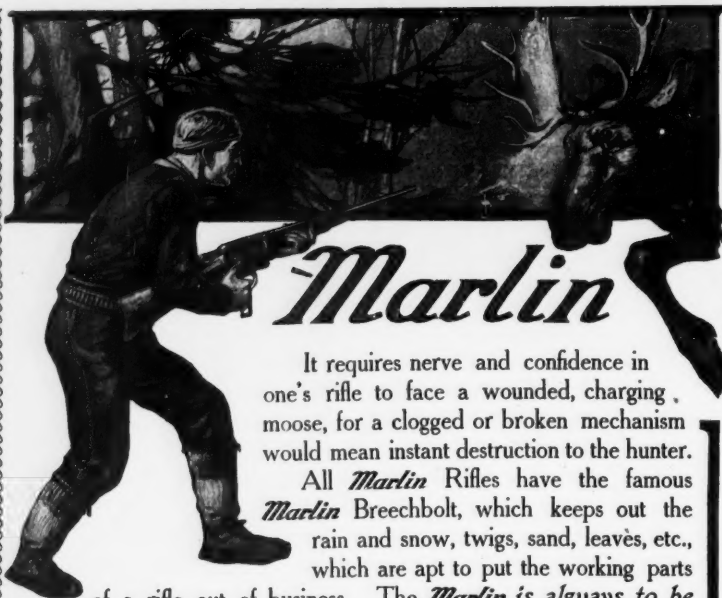
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ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

(Continued from page 23)

unfavorable to their plan. They picked their way carefully down the gorge, Cochrane and Vinton leading. And suddenly from the right bank above them cracked a rifle, and then another from the left bank. Sakra Das cried out in terror, and then from above, out of the night, the voice of the unseen Russian spoke:

"I warn you again, gentlemen—it is an inhospitable land in which to die. I have ordained for my soldiers and myself a fast of thirty days here in the desert. Dare not to disturb it a second time or we shall shoot to kill."

"M. Pavlov," said Vinton, speaking calmly and with a freedom from bitterness at which Cochrane marveled, "you are a patient man."

Again the weary little procession turned and dragged its way up the gorge. But the horses were exhausted, and when they had got above the throat of the ravine and had reached the first choice of paths, they camped. They slept in the cold air of the Himalaya night and were astir at early dawn. And as they were preparing for the start, two figures came riding toward them down one of the paths that were theirs to choose. Cochrane saw these strangers first through the early morning mist. He stared, and then he seized Vinton by the arms and spun him round.

"Fen Che!" he cried in a voice thrilling with joy. "Fen Che!"

The young girl and her brother, riding upon yaks, drew near. They looked very jaded, and their faces were anxious and afraid. Fen Che slipped from her mount and knelt at Vinton's feet. Then she began talking swiftly, softly. Bharan stood by and listened.

"She says, Sahib, that her brother has been a shepherd in this country. He knows the pass and will lead the Sahibs out. But she and her brother are very tired. They have ridden since the sunrise; last night they passed round the camp of the Great Bo and came up hither by a long and hard path. By now messengers from the city have been sent to tell the Great Bo of their flight. And the Great Bo will pursue. Therefore they desire, though they are very tired, to make haste."

For the first time Cochrane saw his chief show emotion. There was a soft light in Vinton's eyes, and he said: "Cochrane, I know a thoroughbred." He turned to Bharan. "Tell her that for this she has done—I—I kiss her feet."

And with gentle simplicity he knelt and did so, and her tired, appealing little face looked up at him after that with a radiance that went to his heart.

They toiled upward, the young Lama taking the lead. After three hours they were forced to rest; it was late in the afternoon before the animals were in a condition to resume the journey. But in spite of this there was no sign of pursuit by nightfall, and the next morning, with horses and yaks refreshed, they rode on much encouraged. Through Bharan, Vinton asked Fen Che if she and her brother could safely return to their country.

"They can not go back, Sahib. They must go on with you. But the Sahib is a great lord and will protect them."

"I certainly will, even though I'm not a great lord," Vinton answered.

Cochrane and Vinton were riding in the rear to guard against attack. Fen Che and Bharan were close in front of them. And now Fen Che, turning her head, spoke eagerly.

"She asks, will not the Sahib love her for his wife," said Bharan. "Her love for the Sahib is so great that she would joyfully be the humblest and most hated of all his wives."

"Tell her that the Sahib has one wife and may not have more," Vinton said. And he looked at the girl compassionately while Bharan spoke. "But say to her that she shall be as my sister."

"She does not desire to be a sister," Bharan explained. "She desires to be loved. Nay, if she may not be the wife of the Sahib, she throws herself at his feet and begs that he will do with her as he will. For she desires nothing save only to be loved of the Sahib."

All the while that Bharan was translating this speech Fen Che gazed at Vinton with her sad, pleading, apprehensive eyes. And Vinton looked at her sadly and, riding closer, took her hand in his.

"Poor little creature," he murmured. "You must say, Bharan, that our ways are different in these matters. I can not do what she asks—but I will always care for her."

But the answer did not console Fen Che. She broke into a low, passionate appeal; that it was an appeal Vinton knew from the way in which she clung to his hand and gazed into his eyes.

"She says," Bharan said sorrowfully, "that the fault is in me, the Sahib's servant. She says if I could but make the Sahib understand—if she could but speak to him herself in his own tongue, he must understand, he must love—her love is so great for him. But she bemoans that it is all me—the language—if she could but speak! And if she may not be loved of the Sahib, she prays to Buddha that she may die."

"Tell her," Vinton said, and he addressed the words to her himself with all the earnestness of his voice, "tell her that this one thing I may not do; but that all else in the world, all else in life that I can, I will do for her, and gladly."

She made answer in a low voice, of which the sadness and despair stabbed Vinton to the heart.

"The Sahib is to her great and good," said Bharan, "and she kisses his hands and feet. And she prays to Buddha that she may die."

The path became narrow and more steep; they had now to ride in single file. Bharan and Cochrane moved on ahead, Fen Che followed, Vinton brought up the rear. They were moving very slowly, with frequent pauses to rest. During one of these a sharp report sounded below them; Vinton leaped from his horse at the sound, and as he did so saw Fen Che tumble against the wall of rock and slide down upon the path. With a shout he went springing on foot down toward the heads that showed below in the narrow pass and Cochrane followed closely. And while they ran, bullets pelted the rocks all about them, yet they ran on.

In a moment Vinton had sprung round the rock that partly concealed the column of the enemy, and there at thirty yards in the van of his men, with rifle leveled, stood Pavlov. Vinton fired at him running, and the Russian's rifle was discharged as he fell. Vinton still ran on, and for the foremost Thibetan soldier, the sight of him and Cochrane coming furiously, firing their revolvers, was too much; with a cry he turned and rushed back upon the next man, and instantly the whole long line was tumbling down the pass in panic flight. With the Great Bo dead, their bravery was gone.

Vinton and Cochrane stopped and hurried back up the pass. Bharan and Sarat had followed them bravely; the others were crouching behind the horses, all except the young Lama, who knelt wailing beside his sister's body. Vinton knelt with him and examined it with reverent tenderness. She had been killed by a bullet through the brain.

"She prayed to Buddha for death," said Bharan with awe.

"She was a brave and gentle spirit," said Vinton in a low voice. He took the young Lama's hand and pressed it, then he lifted the poor little body in his arms and carried it up to the top of the narrow pass, up to the top of a great scarred rock that was bald and bare to the sky, and there on the summit he laid it down. Then he kissed the dead girl upon the brow and left her. And while he and the others stood reverently below, the Lama, her brother, kneeling at her side, uttered the Buddhist prayers and lamentations for this Himalayan burial on the bleak rock under the open heaven. But as for Pavlov, he had indeed found it an inhospitable land in which to die.

A month later Vinton and Cochrane made their report to the Viceroy. The first line of it, though requiring explanation, was in itself complete: "There is now no Russian intrigue in Thibet."



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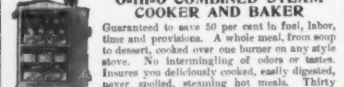
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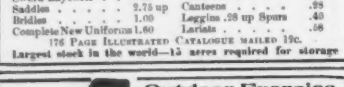
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YACHT RACING ON THE INLAND LAKES

(Continued from page 13)

The Western amateur yachtsman begins his nautical education at the age of seven, when he is taught to swim; at ten he reaches the rowboat-sailboat age, and at fourteen he is winning races in the championship series of the Inland Yachting Association. The beautiful lakes of Minnesota and Wisconsin, with their irregular shores, their many points, peninsulas and islands, and their changeable and squally winds, do much toward developing the keenest sailors in this country.

"In deciding to accept the challenge of the White Bear Yacht Club, the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, of Montreal, frankly recognized the fact that the West ought to have another chance of raising the Seawanhaka International Trophy, particularly as the special type of boat required for the work has been more highly developed on the small western lakes than elsewhere."

How well *White Bear* accredited herself in the international contest of last August is a matter of record too recent to need repetition. However, one fact must be recalled, namely, that during the second race with *Noorna*, *White Bear* covered the first leg of the free run, a distance of one and a third knots, in 6 minutes and 4 seconds; that is, at a rate of over thirteen knots per hour—a higher rate of speed than ever shown by any defender in any race for the America's Cup.

The boat which accomplished this extraordinary performance was less than 40 feet over all and carried 500 feet of sail. The story of this achievement is the history of inland yachting, and covers a period of twenty-three years. Within this period two yacht clubs are pre-eminent—the Minnetonka Yacht Club and the White Bear Yacht Club; the former revolutionized yacht designing and the latter perfected the idea as revolutionized.

Evolution of the Scow Type

The Minnetonka Yacht Club, organized in 1882, after a struggle of ten years had made no progress in yacht designing; their fastest first-class sloop in 1892 was practically the same low, square-ended boat that was raced in the early 80's. She carried 800 square feet of sail and for ballast about 800 pounds of dead weight, supplemented by a crew of six men. After ten years the Minnetonka Yacht Club had not been able to increase the speed of their boats over 30 seconds a mile.

In the winter of 1892 a resolution was passed whereby the racing length of a yacht was determined by the square root of the sail area, which sail area, however, should not be less than 400 square feet. Coincident with and partially resulting from this rule came the revolution in lines. A boy of fifteen discovered that, with a crew of two, his Indian canoe could carry a given amount of sail better than his rowboat of the same dimensions, and consequently would sail much faster. This discovery he embodied in *Onawa*, which was constructed during the winter of 1892. Like his canoe, she was constructed with flat ribs and thin (quarter-inch) cedar planking, which was covered with canvas. Though 27 feet long and 6½ feet wide, the hull of *Onawa* weighed less than 500 pounds; add to this 80 pounds for thin steel centreboard, and 200 pounds for rigging, and *Onawa* weighed about as much as the standing ballast of the champion in the first class of 1892, and but little more than the weight of her own crew.

The victory of *Onawa* was decisive; not only could she beat the former champion from 15 to 20 minutes, but she had little difficulty in defeating *Alpha* (the famous Boston Herreshoff 21-footer of 1892) and *Kite*—especially designed by Herreshoff to beat *Alpha*—from 5 to 10 minutes in sailing a ten-mile course.

This marks the greatest change in the design of inland racing yachts; the standing ballast was done away with, sails cut down and construction of boats lightened. All energy was concentrated to drive boats over rather than through the water.

The following winter the regulations were changed, so that *Onawa* never raced again. During the subsequent years the Minnetonka Club added size and power to the *Onawa* principle, which resulted in *Tartar*, the first-class sloop of 1896, selected to represent Minnetonka in the Interlake races. To defeat *Tartar* the White Bear Yacht Club had secured a boat from Herreshoff, which represented an apparent, though misguided, attempt at Western ideas. To this Herreshoff boat, *Alfreda*, *Tartar* administered a most emphatic drubbing, finishing 6 and 8 minutes ahead of her in the two ten-mile races.

The invasion of Eastern designers terminated. Minnetonka had learned her lesson through the defeat of the Herreshoff boat *Alpha*, and White Bear through the defeat of *Alfreda*. White Bear took her defeat the hardest, but her yachtsmen had learned their lesson. They adopted the crude principles, scrutinized them, and then perfected them.

Driving a Boat Over the Water—not Through It

The axioms evolved at Minnetonka were, first, that of driving a yacht over rather than through the water; second, that she must be light, both in construction and in rigging; and, third, that at every increased angle of heel the yacht must gain length.

White Bear accepted the first and second of these axioms without investigation, but to the third they devoted their entire energy. Thus in *Aurelia* the "scow" type was successfully introduced, and in *Yankee* perfected.

Yankee, a boat 35 feet over-all length, 21 feet load water-line length, 7½ feet beam, and 24 inches deep, was practically flat-bottomed, her extreme beam extending forward and aft throughout her entire over-all length. In sailing she gained length on water line very rapidly, while her beam at load water line became small, so that when heeled to an angle of fifteen degrees the immersed plane was about 34 feet long by 3 feet wide. The centres of buoyancy and of gravity became instantly and widely separated, giving extreme power. Thus she was the first racing boat that did not absolutely depend on the crew as a means of securing ability to carry sail. While sailing, *Yankee* was a proa or a catamaran, with all the accompanying power, length, and slowness of hull, but with the active practicability of the yacht. She was not an instant success, for, although she showed great speed, at times she became positively unmanageable, and it was not until a device was contrived whereby the centreboard could be moved longitudinally as well as vertically that she became fit for racing. Like all her contemporaries, she suffered from being of flimsy construction, which resulted in twisting and warping while being driven through a seaway.

Nevertheless, at the first championship series of the Inland Lake Yacht Racing Association, held during the summer of 1898, the White Bear Yacht Club gave to Western yachtsmen a perfect design.

During the last seven years the proportions of *Yankee*, as representing the perfect type, have remained unchanged. Sailmakers have improved, builders have increased their efficiency, bilge-boards and double rudders have made their appearance, but designers have not improved materially on the lines of *Yankee*. To-day inland yacht racing is a contest between sailmakers, builders, and skippers, and not between designers. And that magnificent fleet that yearly meets on Winnebago to settle the inland lake championship is a "one-design class."

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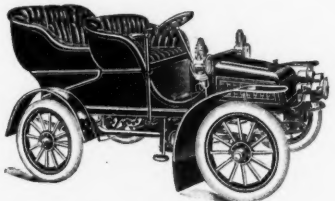
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